



No. 322.—Vol. XXV.

WEDNESDAY, MARCH 29, 1899.

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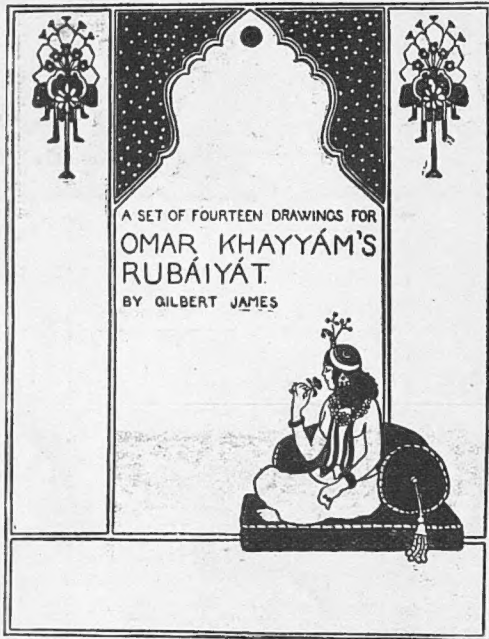


MISS MAUDE FRANCIS, OF THE GAIETY THEATRE.

FROM A PHOTOGRAPH BY ALFRED ELLIS, UPPER BAKER STREET, N.W.

THE OMAR KHAYYAM CLUB DINNER.

We dined at Frascati's Restaurant, as usual—some fifty members and guests. Mr. L. F. Austin was in the chair, and made a most witty speech. He quoted from a letter by Sir George Robertson of Chitral,



TITLE-PAGE OF MR. GILBERT JAMES'S ILLUSTRATIONS TO OMAR.

his being Director of Kew Gardens, but solely to his having cultivated the rose that Mr. William Simpson brought from Omar's tomb. Both Sir W. Brampton Gurdon and Sir W. Thiselton-Dyer, who are popular members of the Club, were present. Dr. Garnett, the honoured Keeper of Printed Books at the British Museum, now on the eve of retirement, was a guest, and Mr. Edmund Gosse, who spoke eloquently of the charm of FitzGerald's poem, was there as a member and ex-President. Other ex-Presidents present were Mr. Edward Clodd, Mr. Henry Norman, and Mr. George Whale, and Mr. Clodd eloquently proposed the health of the visitors, who included Mr. William Watson, Mr. Addison Bright, Mr. Robert Leighton, Mr. Arthur Spurgeon, Mr. T. A. Janvier, Mr. Ernest Radford, Dr. George Bird, a veteran friend of Leigh Hunt, and other men of letters of a bygone day; Mr. Edward Strachey, M.P., and Mr. Herbert Paul, the clever essayist and leader-writer, who quite lived up to his reputation by making a good speech. The Hon. John Cockburn, from South Australia, also spoke well, and told of his admiration through long years for FitzGerald's poem, and of the delight which he had in being that evening a guest of the Club which met to honour so inspiring a work. Mr. Elihu Vedder, the first artist of Omar Khayyam, who is a member of the Club, and who designed a menu-card for the occasion, also spoke. Other members present were Mr. Max Pemberton, Mr. Louis N. Parker, Mr. W. R. Walkes, Mr. William Sharp, Dr. H. G. Plimmer, Mr. A. B. Walkley, and the Secretary, Mr. Frederic Hudson. A feature of the evening's entertainment was the welcome given to the new half-crown edition of FitzGerald's Omar Khayyam that the Macmillans had published that same evening, and a copy of which a member of their firm, coming as a guest, had brought in his pocket.

MR. GILBERT JAMES'S INTERPRETATION OF OMAR.

I need hardly tell my readers that I am a great admirer of Mr. Gilbert James's fantastic genius. I am not alone. A young friend of mine has collected everything Mr. James has done and mounted them in an album. And now anybody may possess Mr. James's work, for Messrs. Leonard Smithers have just published fourteen drawings of his illustrating Omar Khayyam. The designs, which originally appeared in *The Sketch*, have been reduced to quarto size, and that not too successfully. Yet Mr. James stands out unrivalled as the picture-interpreter of FitzGerald's immortal work. The best of the series is his illustration of the verse—

And this reviving Herb whose tender Green
Fledges the River-Lip on which we lean.
Ah, lean upon it lightly! For who knows
From what once lovely Lip it springs unscen!

It shows the figure of a woman beneath the ground, with roots of the trees going down and touching her, and is instinct with as quaint a fantasy as I have seen for many a long day. I am glad to have this series of Mr. James's drawings in such a handy and cheap form—the book costs only 7s. 6d.—and I feel sure that Omarians all the world over will gladly add it to their collection.

FROM THE WOMAN'S POINT OF VIEW.

I.

Come, fill the cup! Mary, the cutlets bring!
In mad meat-tea we'll revel, and we'll sing
Of cooks and chiffons, while our lords enjoy
Their flutter—for our birds are on the wing.

II.

This Club, they say, at which they meet to dine,
Is but for soulful colloquy—that thoughts divine
Illuminate the board. "Rubbish!" say I.
They're never deep in anything but—Wine.

III.

They urge that, dining there, they do frequent
Doctor and saint, and in hot argument
Belaud their virtues; but the words
Come out by the same ear wherein they went.

IV.

Whether, indeed, it be the flow of soul,
Or liquor from a less innocuous bowl,
One thing is certain, and the rest is lies—
They won't be sober when they homeward roll.

V.

When through the portal, fumbling with the key,
They pass—and in a shocking state to see,
Some little talk awhile from Me and Thee
There'll be—and then some more from Thee and Me.

VI.

We know how late the Reveller will keep
His bed, in wine-soaked slumber deep.
The Housemaid thunders at the door, and I
Stamp on his head, and he lies fast asleep.

VII.

But lo! a form with divagative stride
Enters the gate, and 'neath the hedge doth hide.
"When soda-water is prepared within,
Why lags the pale Inebriate outside?"—W. R. WALKES.



FRONT OF THE MENU-CARD OF THE OMAR DINNER.
By Elihu Vedder, the well-known illustrator of Omar.



[Photo by Hana, Bedford Street, Strand.]

MISS LILLAH MCCARTHY AS GWENDOLEN IN MR. SWINBURNE'S "LOCRINE."

Mr. Swinburne's tragedy, "Lochrine," was performed for the first time by the Elizabethan Stage Society on the 20th inst. at St. George's Hall. The performance was chiefly remarkable from the fact that it afforded Miss Lillah McCarthy an opportunity of showing of what dramatic power she is capable. The part of Gwendolen is one that would tax the resources of the most experienced actress, and Miss McCarthy is to be congratulated on a rendering which was in all respects admirable.

ONE WAY OF ENJOYING THE WINTRY WEATHER.

From Photographs by Speight, Derby.

THIS IS THE RUGBY BOY'S DERBY DAY.



GENERAL VIEW OF THE COURSE ON WHICH THE RUGBY BOYS RAN THEIR DERBY.

HAYMARKET THEATRE.

EASTER MONDAY at 8. THE MANŒUVRES OF JANE. By Henry Arthur Jones.
At 8.10 A GOLDEN WEDDING. Doors open 7.45.
MATINEES WEDNESDAY, April 5, and EVERY FOLLOWING SATURDAY, at 2.15.

HER MAJESTY'S THEATRE.

Proprietor and Manager, Mr. Herbert Beerbohm Tree.
EASTER MONDAY at 8.15 (Doors open 7.45).
THE MUSKETEERS. By Sydney Grundy. LAST NIGHTS.
Closed during Holy Week, Re-opening Easter Monday.
LAST MATINEE WEDNESDAY NEXT, April 5, at 2.15.
Box Office (Mr. F. J. Turner) open 10 to 6. HER MAJESTY'S THEATRE.

ST. JAMES'S. — MR. GEORGE ALEXANDER.

CLOSED DURING HOLY WEEK.
RE-OPEN ON EASTER MONDAY with
THE AMBASSADOR.
A Comedy in Four Acts by John Oliver Hobbes.
Followed by
A REPENTANCE.
A Drama in One Act by John Oliver Hobbes.
NEXT MATINEE of both plays SATURDAY (April 8) at 2.
Box Office (Mr. Arnold) 10 to 5. ST. JAMES'S THEATRE.

LONDON, BRIGHTON, AND SOUTH COAST RAILWAY.

EASTER HOLIDAY ARRANGEMENTS.
The Week-End Cheap Tickets issued on March 31 and April 1 and 2, to and from London and the Seaside, will be available for return on any day up to and including April 5.

SPECIAL CHEAP RETURN TICKETS.

BRIGHTON IN 60 MINUTES BY PULLMAN LIMITED.
From Victoria 11 a.m. GOOD FRIDAY and EVERY SUNDAY. Book in advance at Victoria, or City Office, 6, Arthur Street East, as the number of seats cannot be increased.
First Class and Pullman Train at 11.5 a.m. every Sunday, from Victoria, calling at Clapham Junction and East Croydon. Day Return Tickets, Pullman Car 12s., First Class 10s.
TO WORTHING.—GOOD FRIDAY and EVERY SUNDAY, First Class Day Tickets from Victoria 11.5 a.m., or including Pullman Car to Brighton, 13s.
TO PORTSMOUTH AND THE ISLE OF WIGHT.—SATURDAY, APRIL 1, from Victoria 12.50 p.m., Clapham Junction 12.58 p.m., Kensington (Addison Road) 12.9 p.m., and London Bridge 2.30 p.m. Returning by certain Trains only, Tuesday, April 4.
TO EASTBOURNE.—GOOD FRIDAY and EVERY SUNDAY from Victoria 10 a.m. (First Class, 10s. 6d.); also Pullman Car Train from Victoria 11.15 a.m. (13s. 6d.). Returning 8.50 p.m.

SPECIAL CHEAP DAY EXCURSIONS.—GOOD FRIDAY, EASTER SUNDAY AND MONDAY. From London Bridge and Victoria to Brighton, Worthing, Portsmouth, Isle of Wight, Tunbridge Wells, Seaford, Eastbourne, Bexhill, and Hastings; and on EASTER TUESDAY to Brighton and Worthing.
For further Particulars of all Easter Arrangements see Special Programmes, or address Superintendent of the Line, London, Brighton, and South Coast Railway, London Bridge, S.E.

PARIS AT EASTER.—CHEAP 14 DAY EXCURSIONS (First and Second Class), THURSDAY, March 30, from Victoria 9.50 and 10 a.m., London Bridge 10 a.m., and (First, Second, and Third Class) from Victoria 8.50 p.m., London Bridge 9 p.m., on Wednesday, Thursday, Friday, Saturday, Sunday, and Monday, March 29 to April 3.
Fares, 39s. 2d., 30s. 3d., 26s.

NORMANDY AND BRITTANY AT EASTER.

SPECIAL CHEAP RETURN TICKETS.
TO DIEPPE, from London Bridge and Victoria, by Day or Night Service, Thursday, Friday, Saturday, and Sunday, March 30 to April 2 (First and Second Class).
Fares, 24s.; 19s., available for return up to April 4.
TO CAEN, via Newhaven, from London Bridge 9 p.m. and Victoria 8.50 p.m., Wednesday, Thursday, and Saturday, March 29 and 30, and April 1.
Fares, 30s., 25s., 15s. Available for return the following Monday, Wednesday, or Friday.
For full particulars see Handbills, or address Continental Traffic Manager, London, Brighton, and South Coast Railway, London Bridge, S.E.

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NO ONE SHOULD LEND MONEY ON MORTGAGE WITHOUT SUCH INSURANCE.

AUTHORISED } CAPITAL — — }	£1,000,000	RESERVES } Dec. 31, 1898 }	£650,006
SUBSCRIBED } CAPITAL — — }	421,200	FUNDS Dec. 31, 1898 (exclusive of Uncalled Capital)	819,529

Income, 1898 - - £736,947.

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Sixteen Miles from London (Euston or City).
CHARMING RESIDENTIAL HOTEL.
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120 Sitting and Bed Rooms, Library, Drawing, Smoking and Billiard Rooms.
TURKISH, SWIMMING, AND OTHER BATHS.
LIVERY AND CYCLE STABLES. RECHERCHE CUISINE AND WINES.
Moderate Tariff; Special Terms for Lengthened Stay.
Apply Manager, "The Hall," Bushey, Herts.

"LOCRINE," BY THE ELIZABETHAN STAGE SOCIETY.

Mr. Swinburne's tragedy, "Lochrine," was performed for the first time by the Elizabethan Stage Society on Monday, March 20, at St. George's Hall. The performance was chiefly remarkable from the fact that it afforded Miss Lillah McCarthy an opportunity of showing of what dramatic power she is capable. The part of Gwendolen is one that would tax the resources of the most experienced actress, and Miss McCarthy is to be congratulated on a rendering which was in all respects admirable.

As Lochrine, Mr. Arthur Broughton looked well, and spoke his lines effectively, but he did not succeed in endowing the part with any great degree of distinction. Mr. D. Lewin Mannering as Camber, brother to Lochrine, and Mr. Charles Bright as Madan, son to the latter, rendered valuable assistance, and it was not their fault that they were unable to do more with their parts. Miss Elsie Fogerty was Estrild, and Miss Muriel Ashwynne, Sabrina. The story of Lochrine is an old one, and may be found in Milton's History of England, in Geoffrey of Monmouth's fabulous history, in an old Elizabethan play named "Lochrine," and in several other works. The scene is laid in Britain. Lochrine has wedded his cousin Gwendolen in compliance with the bidding of his father, the late King. The union, so far as Lochrine is concerned, is a loveless one. There is one child of the marriage, a son, Madan. In an invasion by the Scythians, Lochrine has been victorious, the Scythian King, Humber, having been slain by him. Among the prisoners taken is a German Princess, Estrild, who had been carried off by Humber and forced to become his bride. Lochrine is smitten with her beauty, and is concealing her in a bower in Essex, where she bears him a daughter, Sabrina. The death of the Queen's father having occurred immediately before the opening of the play, Gwendolen is distracted between grief for her father's death and suspicion of Lochrine's faithlessness. She endeavours to ascertain the truth from him, but without success. She afterwards hears of it from Lochrine's brother, and in a powerful scene with her husband she calls upon him to put an end to her own life and to that of her son. This he refuses to do. Seeing no other way out of her difficulties, she, with her son, raises levies against her husband. The armies meet and parley. Lochrine begs for an avoidance of civil war, and offers to resign the crown. His offer is refused. Becoming wounded in battle, he retreats to the cave of his captive, who, to avoid falling into the hands of the Queen, dies with Lochrine. The Queen is left a widow, to lament the loss of the husband she has loved and to bewail her solitary grave.

Mr. Swinburne's play must be read with care and attention, in the quiet of the study, before one can appreciate its beauties. It is essentially not an "actable" play. There is too little action; the speeches are of great length, and the language in which it is written is too subtle for the stage. As a piece of literature, "Lochrine" takes a very high place; as an effective drama it has little to recommend it. The part of Gwendolen, however, is one of the strongest in nineteenth-century dramatic literature, and in the hands of Miss McCarthy it lost none of its power. Mr. William Poel, the director of the Elizabethan Stage Society, was responsible for the selection of the play, its mounting, acting, &c.

The Society's next venture will be "Such Stuff as Dreams are Made Of." This is an adaptation by Edward FitzGerald of Calderon's celebrated play, "Life's a Dream." This will be acted at St. George's Hall for the first time on Friday evening, April 28, and, during the early part of the summer, "Sacotalá; or, The Fatal Ring," an Indian drama of Calédás, translated from the original Sanscrit by Sir William Jones, will be acted as a pastoral in the garden of a London house.

It is not quite clear what the Elizabethan Stage Society has to do with the modern literary drama; but, as these plays are never likely to be produced on the "legitimate stage," we owe a debt of gratitude to Mr. Poel for allowing us an opportunity of witnessing them.

A SONG OF DUMB CRAMBO.

For a party of children that's hard to amuse—
Too modern to care for the hunting of shoes,
Or of lemons and oranges blithely to sing—
Dumb Crambo is really an excellent thing.

They will almost forget the sedateness that's right
To assume in these decadent days, and will fight
For the honour and pleasure of having their fling
In acting Dumb Crambo—that excellent thing.

And, further, to people who older have grown
In years, if not wisdom, in country or town,
Much happiness often has managed to bring
Dumb Crambo—a sweet matrimonial thing.

There's a sentiment soft as the vales of Strauss
When you act with the prettiest girl in the house,
And the end, which is rubies and pearls in a ring,
Goes back to Dumb Crambo—that excellent thing.

And the old, how it pleases them all to pretend
They have plenty of humour and vigour to spend,
When they bustle, dissembling their gout and its sting,
To play at Dumb Crambo—that excellent thing!—w. H. P.

ISSUED BY THE RHODESIA AGENCY, LIMITED.

The Subscription List opened on Monday, March 27, and closes To-Day, March 29, 1899, at 4 o'clock.

THE HOLTON CONSOLIDATED COMPANY, Ltd.

CAPITAL - - - £250,000,

In 250,000 Shares of £1 each, of which 125,000 will be allotted to the Vendors in part payment of the purchase money, 50,000 will be held in reserve, and 75,000 are offered for subscription.

Payable—5s. on Application; 5s. on Allotment; 5s. on June 1, and 5s. on September 1, 1899.

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E. C. TYNDALE BISCOE, Director Holton Land and Mining Company.
WILLIAM T. E. FOSBERY, Director of the Rhodesia Agency.
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P R O S P E C T U S .

THE HOLTON CONSOLIDATED COMPANY, LIMITED, has been formed to take over all the properties in Rhodesia, the cash in hand, and other assets of the Holton Land and Mining Company, Limited, the Mount Darwin Syndicate, Limited, and the Mount Cornwall Gold Reefs and Estates Company, Limited.

These properties comprise approximately—

1250 Gold Claims.
145 Stands (Town lots) in Salisbury and elsewhere.
358,000 Acres of Land.

Of the Vendor Companies the two first named were formed in 1895, and the greater part of the working capital then subscribed has been expended in developing their properties. The Mount Cornwall Company was registered in 1896, but the Capital was not offered for subscription, nor has the contract with the vendor been completed; the necessary work for the protection of the Gold Claims has, however, been carried out, and the development of some of the properties is now being proceeded with.

GOLD CLAIMS.—The Gold Claims are all in Mashonaland, and in the district of which Salisbury may be considered the centre, and are for the most part conveniently grouped for the formation of independent mining propositions. The development work already done has demonstrated that some of these blocks are of high promise, and assays of samples give remarkably good results.

The Asp block of 80 claims in the Mazoe District is well developed, and Mr. C. T. Roberts, the well-known Mining Engineer, of Salisbury, reports that very little more work is required before this will be ready to transfer to a subsidiary Gold-mining Company, with every prospect of success. There are several other blocks on which a considerable amount of work has been done. The most important claim holdings are as follows—

IN THE MOUNT DARWIN DISTRICT.

Umfuli Group	45 Claims.
Golden Valley	120 "
Quatari	70 "

LO MOGUNDI DISTRICT.

The Lo Mogundi Main Reef	40 Claims.
Leonine	35 "
Hotspur	50 "
Star of Hope	30 "
Royal George	30 "
Lissa	60 "
Alpha	40 "

ABERCORN DISTRICT.

Sheffield	65 Claims.
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MAZOE DISTRICT.

Asp	80 Claims.
Oceolo	40 "
Simoonia	101 "

STANDS (TOWN LOTS).—Out of a total of 145 Stands, 137 are in Salisbury. Forty-eight of these are corner lots, for the most part in the business quarter of the town. In many instances the Stands adjoin. There are two blocks of eight Stands, each with streets on every side, two of six, and several smaller blocks. This grouping of the Stands adds considerably to their value. There are also five Stands in Victoria, two in Umtali, and one in Bulawayo.

The Beira Railway, now under construction between Umtali and Salisbury, is expected to be completed to the latter place and open for traffic before June next. The large reduction in the cost of transport which must follow will secure to Salisbury great advantages as a mining centre, situated, as it is, within easy reach of several gold belts, and an immediate increase in the value of town property may be looked for.

FARMS.—A number of the Farms are close to, or will probably be intersected by, the Mashonaland Railways. They are well watered, with large areas admirably adapted to agricultural industries, both arable and grazing. Some contain much valuable timber, and are in close proximity to the gold belts. As the mining industry is developed the value of these Farms must increase.

TRELAWNEY ESTATE, 50,000 acres, is in the Lo Mogundi District, about 45 miles to the north-west of Salisbury. It is well watered and wooded, and contains large areas of fine grazing land, many Kraals, and much land under native cultivation. The native labour will prove of value later on.

WESTON PARK, 3000 acres, adjoins Trelawney.

INGWE FARM, 3640 acres, about 10 miles from Salisbury. The timber alone is of considerable value.

CARRUTHERS VALE ESTATE, 30,000 acres, about 50 miles from Salisbury.

ELMS WOOD, 3,000 acres, to the north of Carruthers Vale. The Mashonaland Railway passes close to this property.

BARWICK ESTATE, 220,000 acres, about 40 miles north-west of Salisbury. This is a very well-timbered property, with great stretches of rich land, some of which is under cultivation. A brick homestead has been built.

HOLTON ESTATE, 12,000 acres, about 60 miles south-east of Salisbury. The Mashonaland Railway will pass through or close to this property.

RANDHURST ESTATE, 15,000 acres, 25 miles to the east of Salisbury. Abounds in excellent timber. The land is very fertile. A group of farm buildings has been erected. The Mashonaland Railway will pass through this group of five Farms, or skirt one end of it.

THE CHASE FARM, 4000 acres, in the Umtali District.

MOSLEY WOOD and **HAIN PARK**, each of 6000 acres, are in a direct line between Bulawayo and Salisbury.

DOUBLEVALE, 6000 acres, is about 20 miles south-west of Bulawayo, and close to the railway.

Besides the above properties, the Companies have some small holdings and interests in other companies and properties.

The Directors (who were all on the Boards of one or other of the Vendor Companies) consider that the circumstances under which the Company will commence operations are most favourable to its success. The properties have been in the hands of the Vendor Companies for some years. Much prospecting development work has been done on some of the blocks of Gold Claims, which has so far proved their value as mining propositions that the permanent development work necessary before the formation of subsidiary mining companies can be proceeded with at once. Shareholders may, therefore, look forward to a much earlier return on their capital than would otherwise be the case. The amalgamation of these separate interests into one Company will result in considerable saving in the cost of management, and the introduction of more Capital will facilitate the rapid development of the properties.

Two of the members of the Board are intimately acquainted with the holdings of the Company, and the Manager at Salisbury, who has been for several years in the country, has acted as Managing Director of one of the Vendor Companies.

The three Vendor Companies, who are the promoters, have fixed the purchase price of their properties at £157,000 (which includes much development work), payable as to £32,000 in cash, and £125,000 in fully paid shares.

The present issue will provide a working capital of £50,000 (including cash in hand), which is considered ample for development purposes. The reserve of 50,000 shares will be retained for issue at the discretion of the Directors, to provide for future expenditure if required.

The following Contracts have been entered into—

- (1) Agreement dated 22nd March, 1899, and made between the Holton Land and Mining Company, Limited, and its Liquidator of the one part and this Company of the other part.
- (2) Agreement dated 22nd March, 1899, and made between the Mount Cornwall Gold Reefs and Estates Company, Limited, and its Liquidator of the one part and this Company of the other part.
- (3) Agreement dated 22nd March, 1899, and made between the Mount Darwin Syndicate, Limited, and its Liquidator of the one part and this Company of the other part.

The above Contracts may be seen by intending Applicants for shares at the Offices of the Solicitors of the Company.

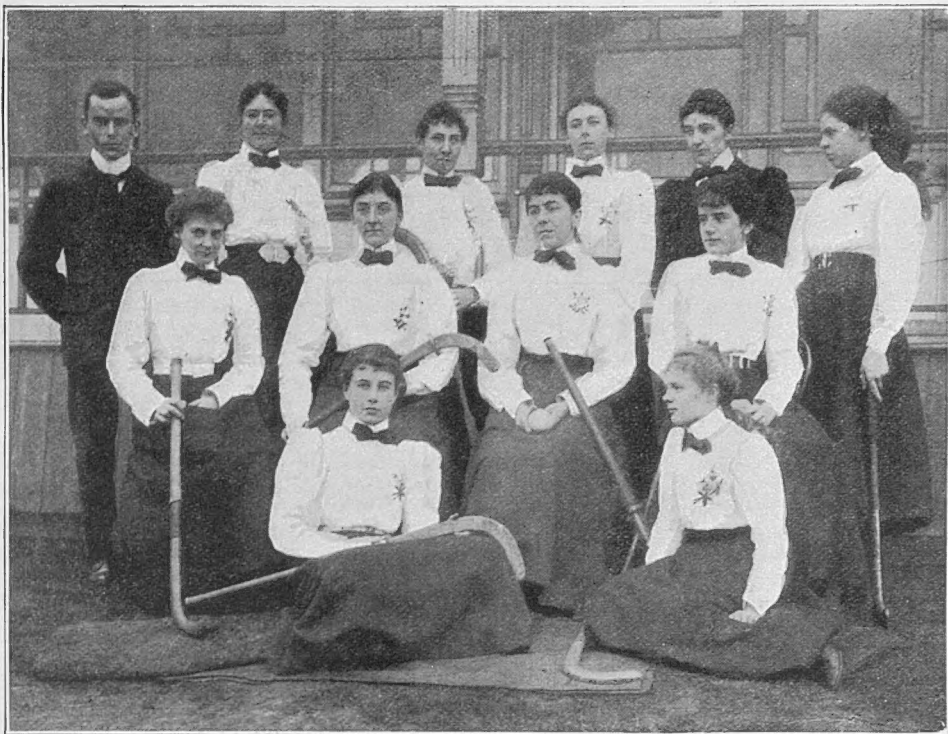
There are also other Contracts and arrangements in connection with the formation and subscription of the Capital of the Company, to none of which the Company is a party, but which may come within the provisions of Section 38 of the Companies Act, 1867. Applicants for shares will be taken to have had notice of such Contracts and arrangements, and to agree with the Company, as Trustees for the Directors and other persons liable, to waive any claim against them for not more fully complying with the requirements of the said Section.

Applications for shares should be made on the Form accompanying the Prospectus, and forwarded to the Bankers of the Company with remittance for the amount of the deposit. If the whole amount applied for be not allotted, the surplus paid on deposit will be appropriated towards the amount due on allotment. Where no allotment is made the deposit will be returned in full.

Prospectuses and Forms of Application for shares may be obtained at the offices of the Company, or of its Bankers, Brokers, Solicitors or Auditors.

March 24, 1899.

SMALL TALK OF THE WEEK.



THE ENGLISH TEAM OF HOCKEY-PLAYERS WHO BEAT IRELAND.

The rain may rain and the snow may snow, but the enthusiastic athlete cares naught for climatic conditions—not even our womenfolk. Thus the Ladies' Clubs of England and Ireland played their match at Richmond last week while snow fell during the progress of the game and a keen north-easter blew bitterly. The English Roses wore white blouses, with red neckties and red skirts, while Ireland, of course, had dark-green skirts, with lighter-coloured green bodice and long emerald-green ties. At the start the English team went away, and for some time kept the ball well in their opponents' territory; but the Irish backs were not to be beaten, and, with a clever run by their forwards, carried the game into the enemy's quarters, some pretty cross-play ending in Ireland shooting first goal. This was their only point, however, for England soon got to work, and before half-time had scored two goals, to which, after resumption of play, they added another. Both sides deserve praise for the excellent hockey shown; and when the players were whistled off they received rounds of applause



A RUN-UP TO THE IRISH GOAL.



THE IRISH TEAM OF HOCKEY-PLAYERS.

for their hard-working game. Ireland's backs deserve much praise for their capital defence. England was all-round good, and two or three of the forwards were particularly clever.

Shanghai can boast of a golf club that attains its majority this year, and in the racecourse about a mile distant from that town the club has a course of a mile and a-quarter. Though the devotees of the game in this quarter of the Far East miss the breezy links of most of the Old Country courses and the humour of the native-born caddie, they have succeeded in acclimatising the game and rendering it popular with both sexes alike in Shanghai and Hankow. The golfing season in this part of China begins in earnest the first week of November, and continues until May; during the intervening months cups are presented.

Mr. Herbert Gladstone has been pushed to the front to lead the attack of the Liberals on the London Government Bill. It is the aim of Sir Henry Campbell-Bannerman to divide the work and the honour of debate more than was the case during the leadership of his predecessor, and there is a cordial desire in the party that the bearer of the name of Gladstone should receive every opportunity of distinguishing himself. On both sides, indeed, Mr. Herbert Gladstone enjoys much popularity. He has a very pleasant manner and no bitterness. His voice frequently reminds the hearer of his father's, but he lacks the "Grand Old Man's"

fluency, and also his skill in arranging a speech. It cannot be said that he shows any extraordinary zest or aptitude for politics. His own inclinations, as well as his devotion to his father's memory, lead him to show more interest in Home Rule than is felt by most of his contemporaries, but he is not at all an ardent Parliamentarian. His tastes lie rather in the direction of music and physical recreation. According to a familiar Red Book, his recreations are cricket, football, golf, cycling, shooting, fishing, and yachting. The compiler ought to have added lawn-tennis. Mr. Gladstone lives in Cleveland Square along with Mr. George Armitstead, his father's intimate friend.

A "Scotch gang," as it is sometimes called, is making itself conspicuous on the Opposition side of the House of Commons. It was only to be expected that "C.B.'s" countrymen would play a prominent part in the new régime. Among the most active are Captain Sinclair and Mr. Buchanan. The former was for some time private secretary to Sir Henry Campbell-Bannerman, and, no doubt, carries out the wishes of his chief in making frequent speeches. These speeches are as amiable as the best-natured leader could desire. Mr. Weir and Mr. Caldwell are also very active, but under any leader their industry would be as great. The same may be said of the young Welsh Radicals. It is interesting to note that Sir Henry's most confidential lieutenants are Mr. Asquith and Mr. Bryce, who also sit for Scottish constituencies. Scotland has, indeed, "the guiding o' it."

Mr. Lowther is an ideal Chairman of Committees. He is perfectly placid and imperturbable. His manners are those of the nonchalant aristocrat. He never shows temper and he never condescends to partiality. Tall and fair, he makes a handsome figure at the head of the House, and, if he wore the wig and gown of the Speaker, he would look quite imposing. "A Private Member," whose information is peculiar, recently wrote that the Chairman, not having any special robe, wears morning-dress. He does so only at morning sittings. Even when he takes the chair at four o'clock at an ordinary afternoon sitting he wears evening-dress. This marks him out from other members. Mr. Lowther is not so striking or masterful a Chairman as Mr. Courtney was, but, if he does not excite any strong feeling of favour, he provokes no animosity. Smooth dignity is his characteristic. A nephew of the third Earl of Lonsdale, Mr. Lowther is married to a niece of the Prime Minister, but nobody looks upon him as a mere favourite, nor is he accused of being too complaisant to the Government.

Mr. Arthur O'Connor, who occupied the chair of the House of Commons in Committee during Mr. Lowther's recent illness, is an Independent Nationalist. There are few, if any, other Irish Home Rulers who would associate themselves so closely with the control of the House. Mr. O'Connor has gradually been drifting from his colleagues. He has quite an official mind, and his intimacy with the rules and forms of the House is believed to be equal to that of the clerks. Members of all parties yield to his authority when he is in the Chair with unquestioning obedience. He interferes as little as possible with the course of debate, but is clear and firm enough in his rulings. Mr. O'Connor is tall and dark, with a sombre, reticent face. The son

Mr. St. Clair makes it abundantly clear (agreeing with Lockyer) that so early as 3000 B.C. the Egyptians knew of the *result*, though they were unable to discover its cause.

Here is the smallest Shetland pony living. At first sight one would imagine the man on the left of the picture to be a giant in stature, but it



THE SMALLEST SHETLAND PONY LIVING: SHE IS ONLY 32 INCHES HIGH.

is only "Willim," the park-keeper of the public park at Lerwick, who is of medium height. His relatively huge proportions show how very small the pony really is. The carriage to which it is yoked is a child's mail-cart, and it seems big enough for it. The little lady who holds the reins is Miss Rhoda Hunter, and the pony's name is also Rhoda. This small yet perfectly formed specimen of the pony breed belongs to Mr. Peter Anderson, Lerwick. It is three years old, yet stands but thirty-two inches in height. It is black in colour, and is in the same shaggy condition in which it came out of its native hills. Its owner has refused a big price for this rarity.

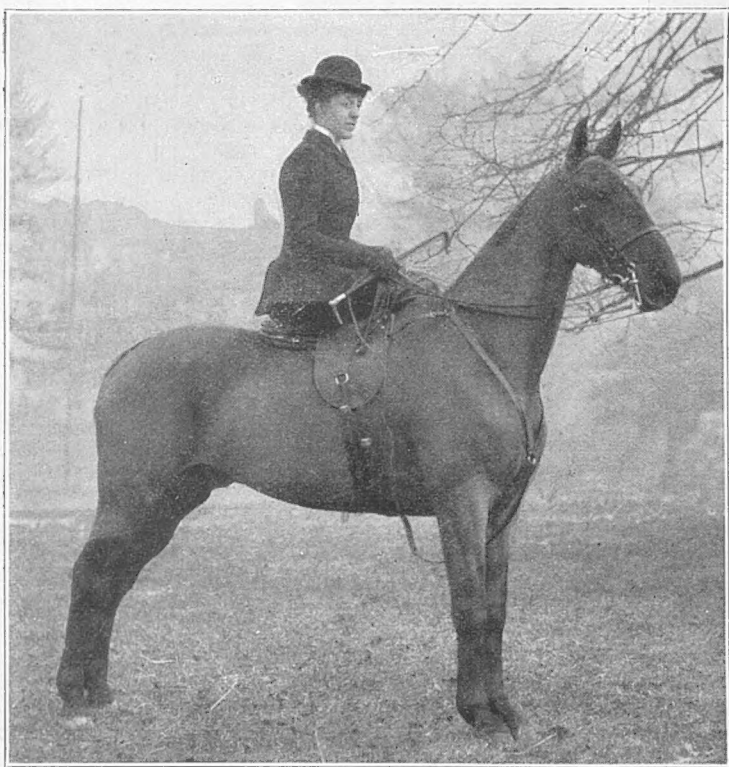
As I anticipated, the fencing display in the Portman Rooms on Wednesday was a great success. In addition to the combatants introduced last week, Mr. J. B. Mimiague appeared. He was born at Nice in 1871, and, after his military service, was received as a *maitre d'armes* in his twenty-third year. He studied with Camille Prévost, and soon developed into a first-rate fencer. Among the professors resident in England who met the visitors last Wednesday was Charles Walter, who was born in Paris in 1867 and has been in England since 1893. An assault-at-arms of this kind is meant not so much to prove the decided superiority of any one man as to give a combined display of the prowess of all the combatants. Last week's display realised this admirably.

Mrs. Lewis Waller (Miss Florence West), who makes such an excellent Milady in the Garrick version of "The Three Musketeers," is a sister of Mrs. Clement Scott. Her brother, Mr. Brandon, is a solicitor in Essex Street, Strand. Mr. and Mrs. Waller live at Elm-Tree Road, St. John's Wood, and she drives down to the theatre in this Ralli-car. Mr. Hayden Coffin drives in a smart pill-box brougham, with an unmistakable cream-coloured horse.



MRS. LEWIS WALLER IN HER RALLI-CAR.

Photo by Mr. Haviland.



MRS. INGILBY ON SULTAN.

Photo by Horner, Settle.

of a Kerry doctor, he began life as a clerk in the War Office, but is now a barrister, and has done a great deal more service than most members on important Committees and Commissions. He is dull, but far from obtuse, and though he never excited enthusiasm, he has always commanded respect. Perhaps he is the only Nationalist who can be described as "a Parliament man." Other Nationalists do not profess to care for Parliament; they come to St. Stephen's, as they say, unwillingly, and sit there reluctantly.

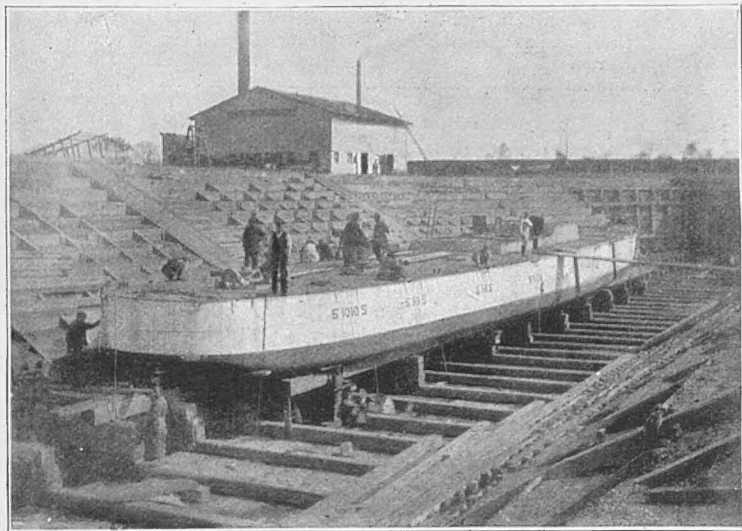
I give a picture of Mrs. Ingilby, of Lawkland Hall, Yorkshire, on her clever hunter, Sultan. They are both well known with the Vale of Lune Harriers, and are generally "there or thereabouts" when pussy meets her death. The Vale of Lune are an excellent pack of harriers, hunting the district where Lancashire, Yorkshire, and Westmorland join. The Master is Colonel Foster, M.P., of Hornby Castle.

A correspondent writes—

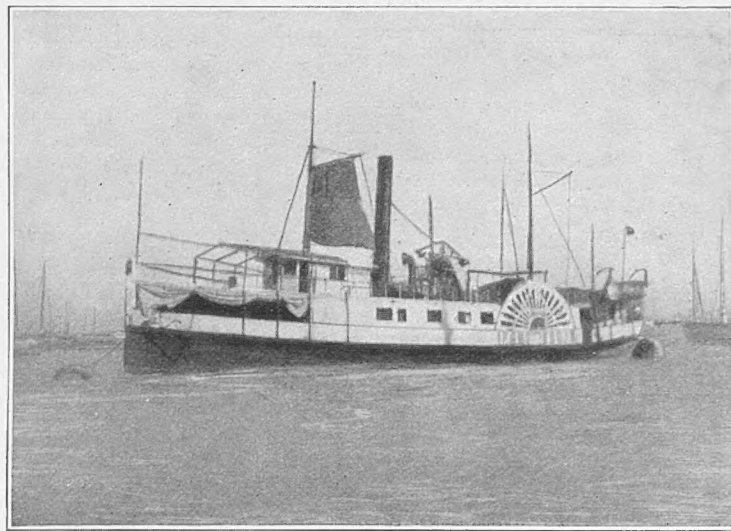
The old adage that many a true word is spoken in jest receives a curious illustration in your number for this week. On page 321 you give a picture of the oldest piece of sculpture in the world, and say it might be "Leap Year" in Egypt. Probably most of your readers suppose Leap Year to be a modern innovation, and they may be startled to read in your next number that it *truly* might have been so. Mr. St. Clair published last year a very remarkable book, "Creation Records" (David Nutt), and on page 347 he quotes from Horapollon, "The Egyptians reckon an additional day every fourth year"! It is not probable that this was universal in Egypt, because we know various names kept various reckonings. Lockyer seems to endorse Horapollon's statement; it was called the Sacred Year. The ancient Egyptians were wonderful astronomers. Hipparchus is usually credited with the precession of the equinoxes; but

Extremely rapid progress was made in building this shallow-draught gunboat. Intended for service on the Yang-tse-Kiang, she was sent out in sections in the steamship *Harperley* to Shanghai, where the work of rebuilding her was commenced on Dec. 2, 1898, at Messrs. Farnham and Co.'s shipbuilding yard. On Dec. 29 the *Woodcock* proceeded outside Woosung for steam and gun trials, only twenty-three and a-half working

is still in the possession of the firm. A number of other instruments have been brought home, but most of them were taken from the Arsenal at Omdurman, and were not in use. By permission of the officers of the Telegraph Battalion, it is probable that this very interesting Soudan relic will be included in Messrs. Siemens Brothers and Co.'s exhibit at the Article Club Exhibition to be held at the Crystal Palace this summer.



THE SHALLOW-DRAUGHT GUNBOAT "WOODCOCK," WHICH IS TO POLICE THE YANG-TSE-KIANG.



STEAMER IN WHICH "CHINESE" GORDON PURSUED THE TAI-PING REBELS.

days since the commencement. On Jan. 12, thirty-six working days from the date of commencement, H.M.S. *Woodcock* was commissioned. The officer in charge of the re-erection of the *Woodcock*, Mr. T. S. Guyer, R.N., was sent out from England for the purpose.

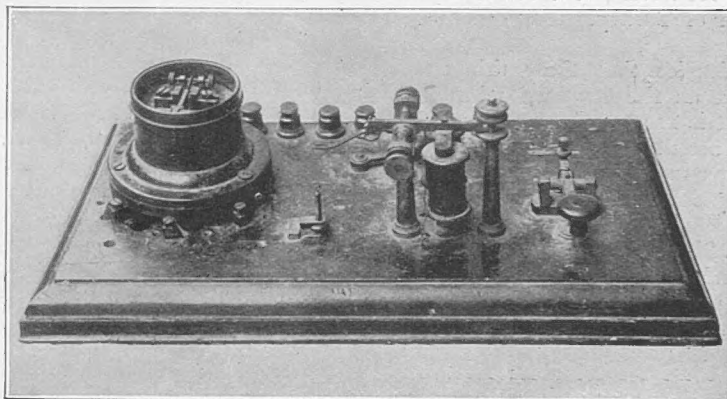
This small steamer was used by General Gordon, and in it he penetrated the numerous creeks and canals in China, when fighting against the Tai-ping rebels. The steamer is now in Chinese Government service.

Here is another Gordon relic. After the Battle of Omdurman, one of the sergeants of the Royal Engineers, working under the Director of Army Telegraphs, Egyptian Army, on entering the south end of Khartoum, at the Khar Shambat, noticed a telegraph-wire, and, following it up, found the instruments shown in this illustration connected up to the line in a hut, and in charge of an old Egyptian telegraph-clerk, who had been forced to work the line as a prisoner. The station was the terminal of a circuit—Khar Shambat to the Arsenal at Omdurman by air-line, and from the latter to the Dockyard at Khartoum by cable; this line had been worked by the Khalifa since the capture of Khartoum and the building of Omdurman. The instruments shown here were sent home in the condition they were found in, and are now the property of the officers of the Telegraph Battalion stationed at Aldershot. In consequence of the relay mounted on this board bearing the name of Messrs. Siemens Brothers and Co., Limited, the attention of this firm was drawn to the trophy, and some very interesting facts were elicited.

It was found that the Siemens relay was one of a consignment of twelve sent out by the firm to General Gordon's personal order in 1878, and the General's autograph letter of instruction, dated from Khartoum,

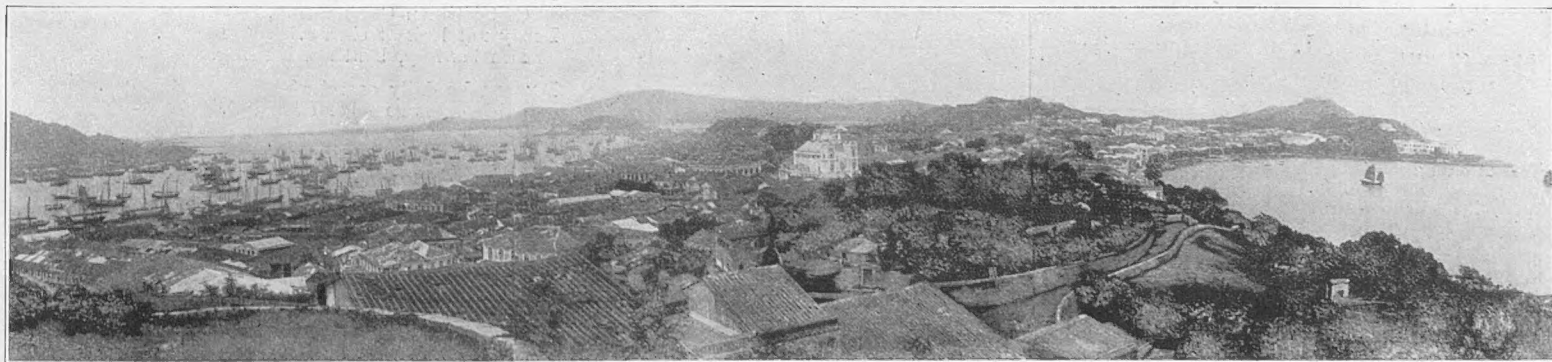
A queer old-world place is the Portuguese colony of Macao, about forty miles from Hong-Kong. The peninsula on which it is built was handed over to Portugal in 1557, in return for services rendered by her warships in destroying gangs of pirates which infested that region. Twice, in 1622 and in 1627, the Dutch tried in vain to capture the town, the greater part of the foreign trade being focussed there. Until 1848, however, the place was not entirely Portuguese, for the Chinese had a

Custom House there and exacted a yearly rent of 500 taels, or nearly £100. This was stopped by Governor Ferreira do Amaral, who was soon after assassinated for his pains by Chinese bravos; but, after the struggle that followed this incident, Portugal's claim to Macao has never been disputed. It is a very pretty little place, situated on a peninsula less than a mile across. It is sometimes called the Monte Carlo of the Far East, from the number of Chinese gambling-houses it contains. There are sixteen of these, and they pay a yearly tax to the local Government of no less than 125,000 dollars.



THESE TELEGRAPH INSTRUMENTS WERE USED BY GENERAL GORDON AT KHARTOUM, AND RECOVERED AFTER THE BATTLE OF OMDURMAN.

The game played is called "Fantan," which is a very simple gamble. A square slab is placed in the centre of a large table, and its sides are numbered from one to four. The players stake on each side, or on the corners between any two, and, while this is being done, a pile of small brass counters is placed at random on the table, and covered with a brass cup. When all the stakes are made, the cup is removed, and the pile of counters counted out by fours, and naturally the last batch that remains is either one, two, three, or four in number. Those on the winning number receive three to one on their stakes, and those on the two winning corners half that amount, less eight per cent., in both cases, for the table. It was at Macao that Camoens, the famous Portuguese poet, wrote a portion of the *Lusiads*, and his garden and grotto form one of the most attractive sights in the quaint old place.



THE PORTUGUESE CITY OF MACAO, NEAR HONG-KONG. CAMOENS, THE POET, LIVED HERE.

New Zealand Society was greatly interested the other week by the marriage of Miss Ethel Julius, daughter of Dr. Churchill Julius, the Bishop of Christchurch, to Rev. Cecil Wilson, the Bishop of Melanesia. Dr. Julius used to be the Vicar of Holy Trinity, Islington, and was made Bishop of Christchurch in 1890. Mr. Wilson was Vicar of Moordown, Bournemouth, before he went out to Melanesia five years ago. His address is Norfolk Island, where we used to put our convicts.

It is announced that permission has been given to all ranks of the Scots Guards to wear the thistle as a badge on the tunic-collar. Well, the Scots used to wear, I believe, the St. Andrew's Star and a button, but I have noticed that for a long time the thistle has been substituted. There is a peculiarity about the "permission" to wear these badges. For instance, the Coldstream Guards have for very many years worn the Star of the Garter as a collar-badge and on their buttons, and yet this is distinctly stated to be "not authorised." One could readily distinguish a Scots Guardsman by his diced forage-cap, if one did not know of the peculiar grouping of the buttons by threes; but the Scot in his overcoat and busby has only the distinction of wearing no tuft in the busby, and the sole relief to his sombre uniform is the red piping of his trews—not tartan. Why should not "the Jocks" be "authorised" to wear a plaid band round the busby, as do the Highland regiments round their "bonnets," or be given a red-and-white tuft, as the Grenadiers wear white and the Coldstreamers red ones?

Genuine classical music for the poor may seem to some points of view as appropriate as caviare to a ploughman, or as champagne was to the Dublin compositor who, being treated to that uncomprehended blessing at an editorial outing, begged that he might be allowed to abandon "this

mineral wather" for plain John Jameson. Miss Audrey Chapman, with a faith that has been amply justified, thought differently, however, and, by means of the Charles Williams Orchestra, has brought the best music to Bloomsbury audiences this winter, and found a response to its influence in the masses which might well bring the tepid interest of the classes into contrast. Last week the orchestra of fifty, nearly all amateurs, gave

splendid renderings of Haydn, Bach, Handel, and Joachim variously to a delighted audience. Mr. Charles Williams has immensely assisted the evident *rapport* between people and performers by his lectures, explanations, and musical analyses, thereby giving a clearer vision of art, and, therefore, enhanced enjoyment. Dr. Joachim was only prevented from being present in person at the Passmore Edwards Settlement by a severe cold. Mr. Leonard Borwick, Mr. Hausmann, Mr. Gibson, and many other distinguished musicians were, however, in the audience, and afterwards

heartily testified to the excellent effect of this philanthropic work on gratified and (one hopes) grateful audiences.

While we have been facing blizzards and climatic cataclysms in London Town, sunshine and mid-Lenten gaieties (greatly prolonged) have been their more blissful portion by the shores of the blue Mediterranean. Last week the Duc de Pomar had again bidden his friends to the Palais Tiranty, where music and dancing made light of time, and the night was so warm that all windows were opened to catch a passing zephyr—rather a contrast to our snow-bound and east-wind-ridden state by the Thames. Mrs. Wheeler and Mrs. Meynell were among the English division present. Prince Pignatelli d'Aragon, Baroness de Rhoden, Comte de Châteauneuf, Major Brevoort, and the Princess Karageorgevitch were among the representatives of other nationalities.



THE WEDDING OF MISS ETHEL JULIUS, DAUGHTER OF THE BISHOP OF CHRISTCHURCH, TO THE BISHOP OF MELANESIA.

Photo by Standish and Preece, Christchurch, New Zealand.



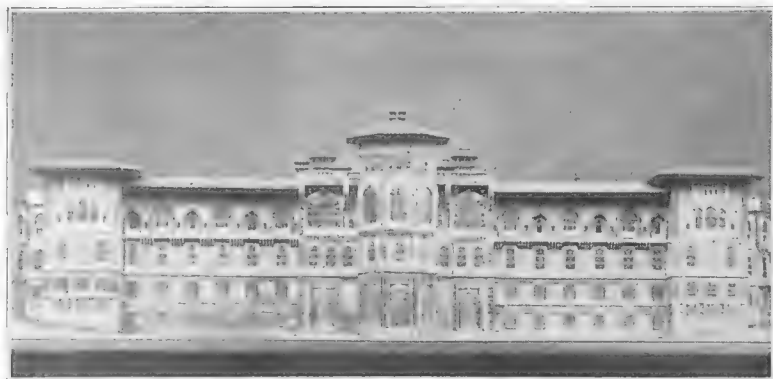
A MONSTER PIKE.

This pike, caught by Mr. P. Myles in Mr. T. Thompson's private water at the Trout, Godston, Oxford, weighed 15 lb. It was 3 feet long, 7½ inches wide, and 4 inches across the back. It was photographed by Messrs. A. J. Smith and Co., of Summertown, two hours after it was captured.

The Palace-in-the-Wood, which has been placed at the disposal of the Peace Conference by Queen Wilhelmina and the Dutch Government, lies at the end of the lovely wood which once united The Hague with Leyde. The Palace is situated about two miles from The Hague; and was built by Princess Amalia van Solms, after the death of her husband, Prince Frederick Henry, the grandfather of William III., to commemorate the Peace of Munster in 1648, which realised Dutch independence from Spain. The Palace-in-the-Wood has not been occupied since the death of Queen Sophie, the first wife of the late King William III., the father of Queen Wilhelmina, who made it her abode. The Palace is replete with historical interest. It contains a magnificent octangular ball-room, surmounted by a glass dome, and hung with huge pictures by the more important seventeenth-century Dutch painters, including the famous allegories by Jordaens of Prince Frederick Henry's victories over the Spanish. In the grounds of the Palace-in-the-Wood Queen Wilhelmina learned to skate. Motley stayed in it as the guest of Queen Sophie when he was studying the Dutch archives at The Hague.

The last cry in journalism will undoubtedly be "The Latest," to be paradoxical and prophetic in a breath. For Mrs. Charrington's new evening paper will certainly be the last, as its promoters naturally hope it may become the first of all dailies. Published at about 9.30 p.m., it will contain the most down-to-date information possible—social events as they are happening at that very moment, dances, dinners, and gay doings variously; American markets twelve hours in advance of any other paper; gossip, sport, Parliamentary, political, and other inside news. All will be smart and in the movement appealing to a public that is equally so. To Mrs. Charrington's unique conception I wish a large audience and all success.

This testimonial was presented to Sir Vincent Caillard on his resignation from the Ottoman Public Debt Council, in token of the immense services rendered by him during his long tenure of office



SIR VINCENT CAILLARD GOT THIS MODEL IN SILVER OF THE OTTOMAN PUBLIC DEBT COUNCIL-ROOMS ON RETIRING.

(1883-1898) and of the affectionate esteem in which he was held by his colleagues and the whole staff of the Administration. It is a model, in silver, of the buildings erected by the Council in Constantinople for the office accommodation of the Council and staff. The buildings themselves are about one hundred and twenty metres long and forty metres deep. The model building is 29 in. long between the extreme walls of the side projecting towers, and 25½ in. long in frontage, while the depth is 8½ in. The height of the flanking towers is 6½ in. from the base to the top of the roof, and that of the central tower (north front) 8½ in. The workmanship is exquisitely finished, every detail being reproduced accurately and to scale. It was executed by Messrs. Vartan Brothers, of Constantinople, and it may be viewed for two or three weeks at Messrs. Maurice's, of Burlington House.

It will come as a surprise to the gentlemen whose Sunday-night entertainments at the Gallery Club, in Grafton Street, roused so much admiring comment, to learn that London holds another Gallery Club within a mile of their own select house. The Club to which I refer has headquarters in Maiden Lane, an ever-growing membership, and a low subscription. I am indebted to a member for a description of its debates. He says the Gallery Club does not debate in kid gloves, but gives freely to all and sundry the firstfruits of its mind. Members go in a body to the gallery of theatres on first nights, and "use their judgment." I presume a manager would call them healthy-minded playgoers and the backbone of the drama when they applaud, and a ruffianly organised opposition when they disapprove. They have a liking for young actors, particularly Lewis Waller and H. V. Esmond; their soul revolts against the actor-manager and all his works. I am told that members of the Gallery Club claim to be able to wreck plays of which they do not approve. This claim suggests that the fault of taking oneself too seriously is so widespread that it has reached even to Maiden Lane, and has affected the ardent playgoers who congregate there. Yet, although they take their own criticism of a play so much to heart, they held a meeting a few weeks ago to decide that critics were worthless and absurd. Consistency is evidently not their strong point, or, perhaps, an exception exists in their minds in favour of all enlightened members of the Gallery Club.

Every schoolboy—I am speaking literally—knows about the burial of Sir John Moore at Corunna. But how many of my readers have ever seen a picture of his grave, which is situated in the old part of the town,



THE GRAVE OF SIR JOHN MOORE.

"Not a drum was heard, not a funeral note, as his corse to the ramparts we hurried;
Not a soldier discharged his farewell shot o'er the grave where our hero we buried."

in a small and well-kept garden? There is also a memorial to the crew of H.M.S. *Serpent*, which foundered with all hands off the Spanish coast on Nov. 10, 1890. The place is much respected by the Spaniards.

The following story is sent to me by a friend who is staying at Monte Carlo. Apropos of the Queen's visit to Nice, a company of ladies and gentlemen were discussing French politics over their lunch the other morning. From politics to persons is no far cry, and M. Loubet's name was mentioned and his character discussed. Then a gentleman remarked that, while past Presidents of the Republic had been well-known men, this latest arrival at the Elysée was a comparative nonentity. "Casimir-Périer, Sadi Carnot, Félix Faure," he remarked, "were all well known; on the other hand, nobody knows Loubet. People do not even know his first name. A President must not only be strong, he must be known." "I know his first name," chimed in the twelve-year-old daughter of the house, who was present at the lunch, "for I read it in the paper that came from Paris yesterday." "What was it?" asked the first speaker; "what is his full name?" "Conspuez Loubet," was the reply; "it was at the top of the article about him." Clearly, if people will subscribe to the halfpenny horrors of the boulevards, they must be prepared for any little misunderstandings such as this.

Not much has been written about the islands in the Firth of Forth, though they have a history well worth telling. Rev. John Dickson, Leith, author of "Ruined Castles of Midlothian," has, however, prepared a volume entitled "Emeralds Chased in Gold," which has been dedicated to the Earl of Rosebery. He goes very thoroughly into the history of each island. Oliphant, Anderson, and Ferrier are the publishers.

Americans are great admirers of the liberty of the subject, and in some of the towns the blocked sidewalk nuisance is carried to excess.



A BLOCKED "SIDEWALK" IN SAN FRANCISCO.

In some of the San Francisco streets, goods remain week in and week out on the sidewalk, and the unfortunate pedestrian is lucky if he gets room enough to walk and is not compelled to take to the awful cobble-stones in the roadway.

There is a subtle irony, in view of Galileo's fate, in the Pope's keeping an astronomer. The present director of the Vatican Observatory is the Rev. George Mary Searle, A.M., Ph.D. Though of American stock for several generations on his father's side, he was born in London on June 27, 1839. Dr. Searle's childhood and youth were passed in Brookline, Massachusetts, where he received his early education, afterwards entering Harvard, from which University he graduated in the class of 1857, having, among his other class-mates, John Davis Long, Secretary of the Navy in the present Cabinet. Dr. Searle then became assistant to Dr. Gould in the Dudley Observatory at Albany, State of New York, where, on Sept. 11, 1858, he discovered the asteroid Pandora, the first discovery of the kind ever made in the States by original search. In January 1859, Dr. Searle entered the service of the United States Coast Survey. In 1860 he received the degree of Master of Arts from Harvard University.

Dr. Searle was originally a Unitarian; but in 1859 he entered the Protestant Episcopal (Anglican) Church, remaining in that communion until, on Aug. 15, 1862, he was received into the Roman Catholic Church. In September 1862 he was appointed Assistant-Professor at the United States Naval Academy at Annapolis, Maryland, and remained in that capacity until 1866, when he returned to Harvard University as Assistant in the Astronomical Observatory of the University. Here he remained until 1868, when he entered the novitiate of the Congregation of the Missionary Priests of St. Paul the Apostle, commonly known as the Paulist Fathers, at that time established only in New York City. He was ordained to the priesthood in 1871.

It is interesting to learn, from the testimony of an old fellow-student, that Mr. William Archer, while attending a Northern university, where he was known as "Sagi"—a contraction of *sagittarius* (an archer)—did not exhibit any special leaning towards the stage or dramatic criticism. He rather plumed himself, it appears, as a poet, and was for a season the laureate of his college. Mr. Archer's strong point was languages, in which department he invariably came out first. French, German, and Danish early attracted him, and, of course, Norwegian, a knowledge of which he has put to such excellent service as a translator of Ibsen. In

beyond that ancient burgh." Rev. George Gilfillan—poet, critic, and divine—who, it will be recalled by some of Mr. Archer's student contemporaries, was a frequent contributor to the *Scotsman* at the period referred to, is undoubtedly the "clergyman" to whom Mr. Archer alluded, and Gilfillan, despite his characteristic egotism, is still held in admiration by not a few living writers of distinction, and his memory is cherished by many for the large humanity which distinguished him. The fact is interesting just now, when Mr. Archer is fulfilling his mission in America for an influential Metropolitan journal, that his first newspaper connection was as an outside contributor to the *Edinburgh Evening News*.



REV. DR. G. M. SEARLE, THE POPE'S
ASTRONOMER.

A good many years ago, the late Dr. A. B. Grosart wrote a biographical sketch of Michael Bruce for an edition of that youthful bard's works, and to the close of his life he strenuously contended that the "Ode to the Cuckoo"—characterised by Edmund Burke as "the most beautiful lyric in the language"—came, not from the hand of John Logan, as asserted by Dr. Small, of Edinburgh, and others, but from his friend and class-mate, Michael Bruce. Some time ago, Dr. Grosart had made preparation for the writing of "A History of the Literature of Scotland from the Earliest Times to the Present Day." The history was to consist of twelve demy-octavo volumes of five hundred pages each!

Mr. Theodore Napier is up in arms at the statement made by Mr. W. B. Laikie, in a recent lecture at the Philosophical Institution, Edinburgh, that Prince Charlie never wore a kilt. The same remark, however, cannot be made about Mr. Napier, as he may be seen any day disporting himself in his kilt in the streets of Edinburgh. If Prince Charlie never wore the kilt in Edinburgh, Mr. Napier is certain that he was dressed in Highland garb elsewhere. He quotes many authorities to prove that this was the case; for instance, Captain Macleod's Journal contains this reference to his life in Skye:—"I have had the philibeg on now for some days, and I find I do as well with it as any the best breeches I ever put on. I hope in God, McLeod, to walk the streets of London with it yet." Some of us, too, could have wished the same, says Mr. Napier. While in South Uist, the Prince was dressed, he alleges, in kilt with very indifferent plaid. His conclusion is that Prince Charles constantly



THE POPE IN HIS GARDEN.

FROM A PHOTOGRAPH BY M. DE FEDERICIO.

a recent contribution to the *Daily Chronicle*, it will be remembered that Mr. Archer, in alluding to his student days in Edinburgh, made some facetious allusions to the correspondence of a fellow-student with "The Rev. G—, a clergyman in Dundee, who had acquired (Heaven knows how!)," Mr. Archer asserted, "some reputation as a critic in and even

wore a plaid, sometimes with a philibeg, and sometimes without one, the Highland plaid being readily folded up and belted round the waist so as to form a temporary kilt. What of the legend that this Highland dress was, after all, the invention of an English soldier? This appears to be conclusively disproved, at any rate.

Nobody can help feeling sorry for the poor young Princess Kaiulani, who died at Honolulu on the 6th inst., for hers had been a hard lot. Her mother was the Princess Liliuokalani, sister of the ex-Queen Liliuokalani, her father being an Edinburgh man, Mr. Archibald S. Cleghorn, a merchant in Hawaii. As Liliuokalani had no issue, the young Scotch-Hawaiian would have been Queen of the Happy Isles had not Uncle



THE HAWAIIAN PRINCESS KAIULANI
AS A GIRL.

Photo by Ellis and Walery.

Sam stepped in. She was possibly fitter for the task of queenship than any of her predecessors, for she was educated in this country, and proved herself a very apt pupil. It is only two years since she went West. She made a vain appeal, too, to the President at Washington to recognise the autonomy of Hawaii again. But America recognised her only as plain Miss Cleghorn. Then she went to Honolulu, where her father resides, and where she succumbed to rheumatism of the heart. There is a strange irony in the fact that the hat she wears in the photograph reproduced here bears the legend "Immortalité," and that she is said to have become betrothed to an officer in the United States Navy. She was only six-and-twenty.

St. Thomas's Church, Regent Street, like its neighbour, St. Philip's, is open all day long for

meditation and prayer. It is, I believe, considerably more advanced in ritual than its more southern neighbour, and its furnishings apparently act like a red rag to a bull on persons of the Kensit type. A friend of mine, sitting quietly and all alone in St. Thomas's a few days since, was startled by a respectable-looking middle-aged female who advanced upon him and demanded peremptorily, "What is this place?" "St. Thomas's, Regent Street," was the reply. "Is it Catholic or Protestant?" came the query. "Not Roman Catholic—it belongs to the Church of England." "Then," with a condemnatory wave of her hand to the "Stations" and other High Church adornments, "what are all these doing here?" Then, before my friend had time to answer, he was denounced as a "liar, thief, and blackguard," and informed that he and all such mummeries would "ere long be swept away," after which Cassandra-like utterance the lady "swept away" herself towards the vestry, where she renewed her attack on one of the minor officials.

The name of the costumier who made the dresses of the children who figured at the Lord Provost of Glasgow's ball as the Little Minister and Babbie should have been given as Rowan instead of Rowton.

Truth informs us in the editorial columns of March 23, in animadverting upon the tendency to advertisement in our time, that "great tailors or celebrated dressmakers, and, indeed, any tradesmen of the first class, never advertise, nor do they light up their shop-windows." Now I find in this same number of *Truth* the firm of Paquin, of Dover Street, Mayfair—surely dressmakers of the first class, although *Truth* does not consider them such. I find the firms of Maple and Hampton among furniture-houses, and, among jewellers, the Goldsmiths and Silversmiths Company, of Regent Street. It would be interesting to know if the editor and advertising manager of *Truth*, a journal which has always been persistent in its belief that these two departments should be run with consistency, will see together on this point.

A Mr. J. Alexander, of the Great Northern Railway, sends me a paragraph containing information about his office, with a request for an editorial notice in the next issue of this paper "free of charge, as usual." Why on earth I should print an editorial notice "free of charge," sent by Mr. Alexander, of the Great Northern Railway, any more than of any other commercial undertaking—an exemplary soap, or a particular brand of champagne—I am quite at a loss to understand.

Whatever may be the course of events in South Africa in the future, it is distinctly reassuring to read of the condition of efficiency to which the troops there have been brought. In the Cape District a series of mobilisation experiments have been lately carried out, at a cost of little more than £1000. The experiments lasted seven days and were conducted under very arduous conditions. Tommy had to carry all his impedimenta in his great-coat pockets, and, though the heat was intense and no tents were allowed, the percentage of sickness was much less than when in barracks, and consisted chiefly of blistered feet. With his great-coat and one blanket, Tommy had to make shift in severe cold at night, after being exposed to the heat of the day. It speaks well for the salubrity of the climate that, despite the heavy night-dews, not one case of pneumonia or bronchitis occurred, and only one of rheumatism, and that in a man who was subject to the complaint. In this connection, I may say that I have received a letter from a friend who left England after a severe attack of hæmorrhage of the lungs, and, after a few months in

South Africa, he has spent a fortnight's holiday in a tour through Zululand on horseback, sleeping at night in the open air, and he tells me he suffered no ill from it, and, indeed, is better in health than he can ever remember being.

Monsignor Brindle, Titular Bishop of Hermopolis and Auxiliary to Cardinal Vaughan—one can hardly recognise the brave Army Chaplain Brindle under such an array of titles. Yet but a few months ago Monsignor Brindle was doing duty in the Soudan, and his self-sacrificing zeal on behalf of one poor dying soldier of his faith was mentioned in these columns. Although, with characteristic modesty, Monsignor Brindle thinks that his twenty-five years as Army Chaplain hardly seems a fit preparation for his new duties, many will think that he could have had no better training. Monsignor Brindle became an Army Chaplain (Fourth Class) in January 1874, and went to Egypt for the 1882 campaign, earning the Egyptian medal and bronze star. Two years later he was at El Teb and Tamai, was specially "mentioned," received two clasps and the Fourth Class of the Osmanieh, and was promoted Second-Class Chaplain in May, 1884, having reached his Third-Class but five months before. For the Nile Campaign of 1884-5 he was again "mentioned," obtained another clasp, and was promoted to the First-Class. In 1885-6 he was with the Frontier Field Force, and for the third time was "mentioned" in despatches. In the Dongola Expedition of 1896 he again received mention, together with the Khedive's medal and clasp and the Medjidie. In Lord Kitchener's Khartoum despatch he was brought specially to notice, was decorated with the "Distinguished Service" Order, and received a Distinguished Service Award; and he will also receive the British war-medal.

Mdlle. Sorel, the Paris actress, needs no introduction. Her name has been associated freely on the indiscreet boulevard with that of the late lamented Félix Faure.

The French grocers are indignant, and it may be said that the "affair" has now stirred France to its very entrails. The grocers have been scorned by Esterhazy! "The souls of condottieri," said Esterhazy, in his letter to Drumont, "are not the souls of grocers (*d'épiciers*). "Indeed!" exclaim the grocers, and add emphatically, after reflection, "Certainly not." Upon which the grocers' journals dissert, and the grocers' syndicates pass resolutions, and—it is no laughing matter—at this moment it wants only the setting of a match to start a grocers' revolution in France.

Not that the French grocers are used to being respected. The contrary, they are used to being abused. It is a sign of the French state of mind that the French heap abuse on the grocers. The word *épiciér*, stretched to mean anyone in commerce, is the staple epithet for vulgar. No greater insult can be offered to a Frenchman than to call him an *épiciér*. It is the end of the end, and there is nothing afterwards but a duel. When Balzac proposed to open an *épicerie* in the Boulevard des Italiens, his countrymen understood that the giant had fallen as far as from the centre thrice to the utmost pole into an abyss of the blues. They have be-gayed his proposal by pretending it was abandoned because George Sand refused to serve at the counter. But all this irony heaped upon the grocers has left them indifferent. It appears, nevertheless, that they draw a line; they have no idea of being repulsed by the toe of the "uhlan." Even the worm will turn.

This epithet of *épiciér*, which sums up all the French antipathy to commerce, seems to indicate that the recent movement in Paris to substitute commercial studies for Latin, against the grain, is likely to remain no more than a borrowed and passing fashion. "What could you expect," exclaimed the other day the journalist Fouquier, criticising a Deputy; "what could you expect of a man who began life as a grocer?" One may observe that Fouquier is a snob; but, if he is a snob, it is no less true that he is an ex-Deputy—that is to say, he has represented in the Chamber a constituency of Republicans. A stranger with democratic ideas finds this shocking, and is very willing to believe that the "affair," if it stirs the commercial population from their apathy, will have had its uses after all.



MR. DAN LENO AS RICHARD III.

Photo by Langflet.

Why shouldn't Dan Leno play Richard III.? When I saw him at Covent Garden Ball as the crook-backed monarch (along with Mr. Herbert Campbell as Henry VIII.), I was startled by the physical resemblance both bore to the traditional portraits of these monarchs.



MAM'ZELLE SOREL, THE PARIS BELLE.

FROM A PHOTOGRAPH BY REUTLINGER, PARIS.

According to the Ruskin cult, a railway station is one of the ugliest of ugly spots of civilisation. As every experienced traveller well knows, however, there are not a few of the smaller stations scattered about the country to which the Ruskinian dictum is distinctly unjust. Railway directors, of all men, have been converted to the view that, in rural districts at least, a railway platform can be made almost a thing of

entered a roadside public-house and lay up in the bar, where he evidently thought himself safe, for he abode there till hounds came. When they did arrive they made things hum, and, amid the crash of crockery and fall of glass, the fox, who always appears the only animal able to keep his head under such trying circumstances, eluded the whole pack until Cockayne, the huntsman, turned up. He, like a good sportsman, gave the fox the chance of rectifying his error in tactics, picking him up and giving him his liberty outside. I expect that fox will shun public-houses like the most rabid teetotaller for the future. The odd feature of the incident is that he was far ahead of hounds and in no immediate danger when he sought shelter in that "pub." I have known foxes take refuge in cottages, fowl-houses, and even in a railway-station waiting-room; but hounds were always close up when they took this desperate alternative to further flight.



RAVENSTONEDALE STATION, ON THE NORTH-EASTERN RAILWAY.

This station, pictured by Mr. George Hepworth, has taken the First Prize for the way it adorns itself with flowers.

beauty, if not a joy for ever. In that faith, the Board of the North-Eastern Company have for the past four years voted a sum of two hundred guineas as prize-money for "the best-kept wayside stations." For the purpose of the distribution, the numerous rural stations of the company are classified in four groups, according to their geographical positions. Fifteen prizes are given in each group—five first prizes of £6 each, five second of £3, and five third of £1 10s. The station-master, who usually designs the decorative plan and incurs the expense of carrying it out, receives half the prize, the other half rewarding the exertions of porters, &c. Each competing station is visited during the summer by a committee of head officials, and on their report the award is made just before Christmas.

The two photographs are of stations which took first prizes in the Darlington district and York district respectively. Ravenstonedale (Mr. W. Moss, station-master) took first prize also in 1897 and 1898, and may, therefore, be regarded as an example *par excellence* of the picturesque adornment of railway stations. Ravenstonedale is, in fact, quite an elaborate little piece of landscape gardening as well as a railway station. It has shrubberies and lawns, intersected by gravel walks, with beds of roses, rhododendrons, begonias, &c., forming quite a harmony of colour. Along the whole length of the platform a narrow border of sweet-peas, nasturtiums, and climbing roses, with several rockeries full of ferns. Castle Howard (Mr. R. Smith, station-master), the subject of the other picture, has rather an original feature in the shape of a fountain at the centre of the garden. The platforms, of which little is seen in the photograph, have been made picturesque with flowers and plants that flourish in old tree-stumps, while the windows of waiting-rooms and booking office are gaily bedecked with seasonable blossoms in hanging baskets.

According to all accounts, the æsthetic enterprise of the North-Eastern directors has been brilliantly successful. At the cost of these two hundred guineas they have transformed the appearance of the majority of the wayside stations on their system. At the same time, the competition has given a new interest to the existence of innumerable station-masters and porters. At some of these quiet little stations the leisure which is now spent in garden-work used to hang heavily upon the hands of these men. Regular passengers to and from a station have been quick to appreciate the pleasant change in its aspect, and in some cases have themselves helped to effect it by means of suggestions and gifts of plants from their own gardens. Their local pride has been touched, and they have been almost as anxious as station-master or porter for the success of their station in the annual competition.

The Puckeridge Hounds, one of the Essex packs, had a curious experience a few days ago. Their fox

A few years ago an ingenious individual, Emile Perdin by name, drove a roaring trade in Paris in red canaries. His secret for producing the red plumage was a simple one, and consisted in nothing else but mixing a certain quantity of cayenne-pepper with the birds' food at the time they were moulting; the young feathers grew in red instead of yellow, and the trick was done. Since Perdin's death the art has been brought to considerable perfection, and half-a-dozen or more mixtures are on the market, all guaranteed to produce the required results without any injury to the birds. Pepper and cochineal are the principal ingredients. Other chemical substances have the property of accentuating the natural yellow colour of the canary. Nothing, however, seems as yet to have been discovered for making a blue canary, any more than for making a blue rose. How long will it be, I wonder, before we have green sparrows in London? Some of the smart young gentlemen of Whitechapel, who content themselves with the gross practice of painting birds, ought to turn their attention rather in the direction of M. Perdin's process.

Until I read an interesting little circular issued by the Botany Division of the United States Department of Agriculture, I did not know that certain fungi, diseases, and snakes owed their fatal effects on mankind to the same kind of poison. There is an American mushroom, appropriately known as the "Death Cup," of which no man may eat and live. Science has revealed that its poisonous principle, known as phallin, is one of the so-called toxalbumens, extremely virulent poisons, which form the fatal element in rattlesnake venom, and which cause death in diphtheria, typhoid, cholera, and other diseases. Reading the account of the symptoms of poisoning by the mushroom, I was forcibly reminded of the effects of cobra-bite on a dog. North America seems to be well supplied with poisonous mushrooms, hence this liberally illustrated official pamphlet with pictures of edible and dangerous species.

I have received the following friendly memorandum from a member of the Conservative Club in St. James's Street—

"Ulster" is not *King-at-Arms*, but *King-of-Arms*.

Sir Hugh Owen has not received the Honorary Freedom of the City, but of one of the City Companies, the Plumbers—quite a different thing.

Too many small Kodaks in the otherwise excellent paper.



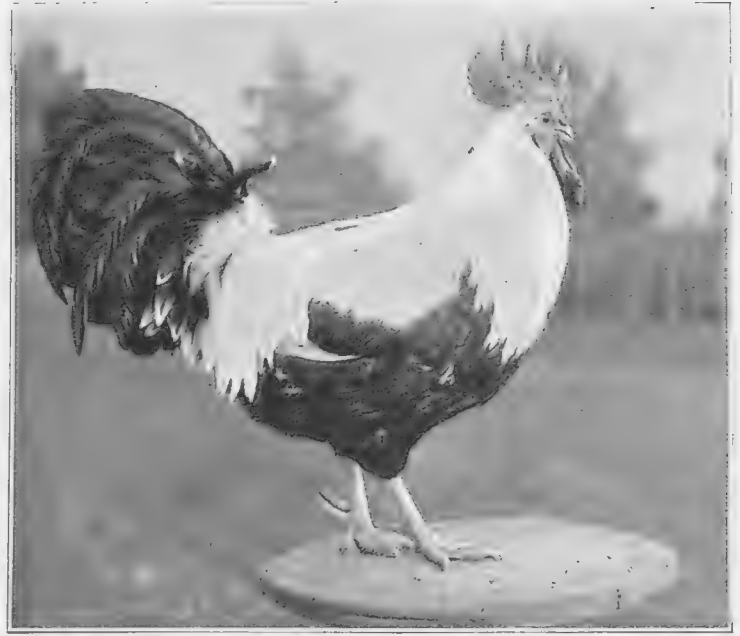
CASTLE HOWARD STATION, ON THE NORTH-EASTERN RAILWAY.

This station, pictured by Mr. George Hepworth, has a delightful garden on which the weary traveller may look.

ABOUT DORKINGS.



A PRIZE DARK DORKING COCK.



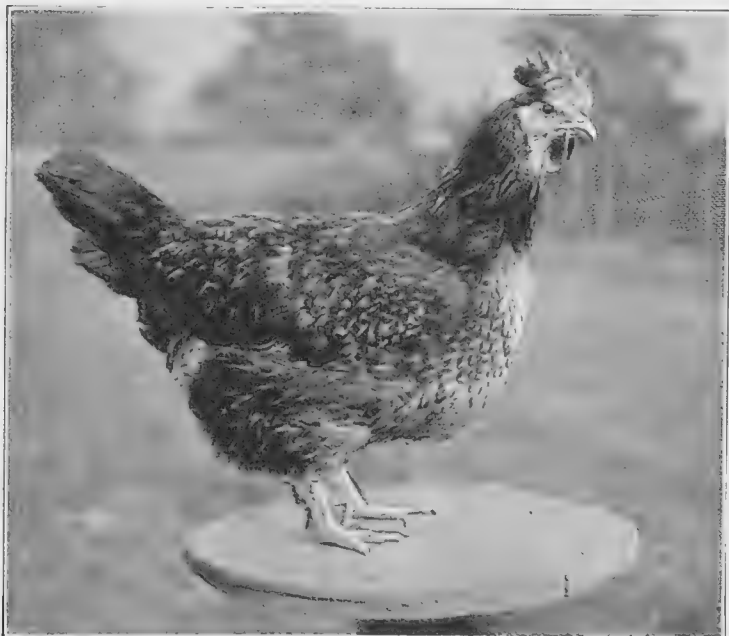
A FINE SILVER-GREY DORKING COCK.

These fowls are pre - eminently English, and take their name from the old-fashioned town of Dorking, in Surrey, which is the great centre of their production. Dorkings are fine, handsome birds of much avoirdupois, some of the roosters going up to 14 lb. in weight, and in tenderness and succulence there is no fowl to equal them. In colour they vary from white to silver-grey and dark,



SOME OF THE HEN-COOPS.

but in all the skin is white, and so are their legs, two necessary desiderata for the table; and a peculiarity in all Dorkings is that they have five toes on each foot, without which none are genuine. The pictures of Mr. Reeves' birds show some big prize - winners, big in two senses, for they have won many prizes, and are monsters of their kind. Mr. Reeves has scores of these fowls. Fortunate Mr. Reeves!



A PRIZE DARK DORKING HEN.



A PRIZE SILVER-GREY DORKING HEN.

HOW THEY FIGHT IN "A COURT SCANDAL," AT THE COURT.

From Photographs by W. and D. Downey, Ebury Street, S.W.



THE CHEVALIER (MR. ALLAN AYNESWORTH) AND THE BOY DUC DE RICHELIEU (MR. SEYMOUR HICKS) FIGHT THEIR QUARREL OUT IN THE DUC'S GARDEN.



THE DUC DISARMS THE CHEVALIER.

HOW THEY FIGHT IN "A COURT SCANDAL," AT THE COURT.

From Photographs by W. and D. Downey, Ebury Street, S.W.



THE DUC WISHES THE CHEVALIER TO BEGIN THE FIGHT AGAIN, BUT THIS IS DECLINED.



SO THE DUC TURNS ON THE BARON BELLECHASSE (MR. BRANDON THOMAS), WHOSE WIFE (MISS FLORENCE WOOD) INTERVENES.

THE LITERARY LOUNGER.

Messrs. James Nisbet and Co. have taken a new and happy departure as publishers. For many years they were the great Evangelical firm. They issued the books of Miss Havergal, of "L. N. R." (now forgotten, but admired by such writers as Shirley Brooks, Dr. Horatius Bonar, and many others). For whatever reason, this school of writers has waned, and Messrs. Nisbet have wisely adapted themselves to the time. They have published "Fragments of an Autobiography," by Felix Moscheles, whose charming book, "In Bohemia with Du Maurier," is not forgotten. Mr. Moscheles' book has been admirably got up, and it makes bright and varied reading. One of the most interesting chapters is on Grover Cleveland, who sat to Mr. Moscheles for his portrait in America. Mr. Cleveland told the painter that he was not anxious to be President, and that, when his term was ended, he should like best to be Mayor of Buffalo again. He said that he did not think responsibility should keep men awake. His view was that, when a man had decided to do what he considered right according to the fashion of his judgment, there was no reason why he should not sleep as soundly as ever he did before. The chapter on Mazzini has been discounted, so far, by its appearance in the lamented *Cosmopolis*, but I never weary of reading about Mazzini. I have met many men in London who knew him when he was here, but none who seemed to have at the time an adequate sense of his greatness. One characteristic trait is told by Mr. Moscheles. Mazzini always carried a certain walking-stick with a carved ivory handle, a most innocent-looking thing, but, in reality, a scabbard holding a sharply pointed blade. The portrait of Mazzini given with the paper is admirable and welcome. The last chapter is on another writer whom one is always glad to hear of—Robert Browning. Browning, it seems, never appreciated Japanese art. He used to make life-size drawings of the human figure from casts, working on a specially prepared canvas, which enabled him to rub out his studies and to replace them by others. He never painted; form had more attraction for him than colour. Though he had ambitions as a sculptor, and worked in Rome in W. W. Story's studio, he did not go on when he returned to England. Mr. Moscheles described Browning reading his "Andrea del Sarto" without a shade of declamation, but in such a way as fully interpreted the poem. It seems that Browning never expressed any wish on the subject of his resting-place further than mentioning on one occasion the Norwood Cemetery as a fitting place, and saying that, if he died in Paris, he wished to be buried near his father.

Messrs. Jarrold and Sons issue a book entitled "Some Norfolk Worthies," by the late Mrs. Herbert Jones. It is the kind of work that one is always ready to welcome, not of general interest, but a contribution to the literature of a county. The letters of Lord Nelson are valuable, but they have been already published in the *Century Magazine*. The sketch of the Princess Pocahontas is only too brief, and does not contain any important addition to what has already been published. Princess Pocahontas was the daughter of a powerful Indian chief, and is described by Captain John Smith in 1608 as a child of ten years old exceeding all her people "for feature, countenance, and proportion," and also for wit and spirit. An Englishman, John Rolfe, one of the foremost of the early settlers, found that his thoughts "became entangled and enthralled by the charming Red Indian," and thought it would be for the good of his plantation and for his own good if he married her. But there was one drawback—she was "an unbelieving creature." However, she made no difficulty about embracing Christianity, and the marriage was a happy one. This gentlest and sweetest of savages was brought by her husband to London, where she was cordially welcomed and entertained by Bishop King, and where a portrait of her was painted, which belongs to the family of Elwin, of Booton Hall, Norfolk, connections of the Rolfses. Mrs. Jones does not mention that the Rev. Whitwell Elwin, of Booton, the most distinguished member of the Elwin family, was for a period editor of the *Quarterly Review*, and contributed to it a series of literary studies unsurpassed in their way. I know more than one distinguished man of letters who has them carefully bound together. Mr. Elwin wearied of his work in editing Pope, and in his persistent modesty has refused to put those articles into volume form. In these days of series, some publisher might find his account in a series dealing with the eminent men of each county in England.

The intellectual—or shall I say, rather, the consciously intellectual?—woman of the day has not yet been successfully presented in fiction. She and the bicycle are still too new, or too assertive, or too much a mere accident of the hour, to be fit material for the novelist. But she is constantly to the fore in novels, of course, in the guise of a well-meaning prig or an awful warning. Miss Margaret Cross has had the wit to present her as neither, though she has hardly had the skill to make her real. In "Love and Olivia" (Hurst and Blackett), she is a shade, but a very pleasant shade. Above all, the book is a prudent one, likely to conciliate all degrees of opinion. Olivia is a genuine scholar, one of those even the Germans approve of—and you can't go beyond that, whatever be your sex. She is not caricatured, for she is actually credited with a heart. And she is rescued from a very commonplace man, with a mind no German could possibly approve of, and bestowed on a distinguished literary critic, with scholarship almost as good as her own. All this is thrown to the advanced readers. The more old-fashioned ones are appeased by the announcement that, after her marriage, Olivia forswore personal ambition, and that the notes for her great book on Persephone were afterwards incorporated with her husband's celebrated treatise on "Aspiration and Art." o. o.

HORS D'ŒUVRES.

The recently presented Naval Estimates have affected the British taxpayer with a strange mingling of pride and uneasiness—pride that he is spending more on his Navy than was ever spent before, uneasiness as to how he is going to find the money. The Income Tax is a sore burden; better reimpose the remitted part of the tobacco duty, and some other indirect tax. A tax on luxuries, whatever some political economists may say, hits the average individual far more fairly than the direct tax on income. Anyhow, we can stand it, though, perhaps, we cannot stand much more.

But our chief naval rivals and probable enemies are feeling the pressure still more. France, wealthy as she is, pays twice as much on her debt as we on ours; her army, less costly in money, is far more so in labour: and then she is eaten up by a second army of officials. The Lockroy policy of swift cruisers, torpedo-boats, and submarines is ridiculed by naval Frenchmen, who believe in the ironclad; and certainly the last results of naval warfare strongly favour the battleship. Meanwhile, the French Navy is at sixes and sevens, a perfect museum of policies and their resulting types of ship.

In any case, the cruiser and torpedo method of naval warfare is the resource of the weaker side; nor is it likely to turn out specially effective. Without plenty of coaling-stations, the cruisers would be hunted down by a superior enemy; the submarines are of doubtful value, and torpedo-boats are frail and of far lower speed in practice than in theory. Privateering is rather annoying than deadly; an attempt to treat wheat as contraband would lead to the United States conveying their corn-ships with ironclads. The guerilla warfare of the sea is dangerous only with the solid fleet of battleships to support it.

The whole history of the Fashoda affair is a luminous comment on the wisdom of spending freely before an emergency, when you can get your money's worth. France was not ready, and her feverish spasm of preparation is hardly over yet. Her Ministers have confessed that the coast batteries were not properly equipped, nor the colonies adequately defended. Our Admiralty faced the crisis with the outlay of—thirteen thousand pounds! What a change from the Penj-deh vote of eleven millions, largely wasted, because spent in a hurry. And why cannot we raise our Army to the same pitch of efficiency? If we had a force of fifty thousand men, ready to be shipped anywhere at a day's notice, all doors, Chinese and other, would fly open before such a crowbar.

If we look at the naval policy of our other kind friend, Russia the peacemaker, we see that there too the pace cannot last. Ninety million roubles for the Navy sounds well, but how much will the Navy get? With famine apparently chronic in some of the provinces of the Empire, and the enormous expenditure on the Siberian Railway—with the friendship and confidence of rich France sadly cooled off, below investing point—where is the cash to come from? And, when the ships are got, will the Finns who ought to man them be precisely in the temper for dying for the Czar who declines to be their Grand Duke?

It is impossible to read the French debates and to consider Russian finances without seeing that the race of naval armaments will not last much longer. We can, if we choose, build quicker and cheaper than our rivals, and we can find the money far more easily. The last enormous vote has been a crushing argument in favour of the Czar's excellent Rescript, and may make the astute politicians of Russia really in its favour. They are too old hands at the game to go on bluffing when they see the piles of gold at their opponent's side. The naval rivalry will be adjourned till a more convenient season—as it can, with perfect safety.

In fact, there is no nation so safe from foreign attack as Russia. Her Baltic coast is easily defended, and protected by frost in winter; her Arctic coast is not worth raiding; her Siberian coast is too far away for anything that could happen there to be more than a sentimental grievance. She has been opposed in the past to a crushing naval superiority in war; nothing particular happened to her, except that troops had to march to the Crimea by land and were worn out. But now that there are plenty of railways, men would go by land in any case. And while the Russian coast would be fairly safe without a navy, the Russian fleets in case of war are grievously hampered by geography. The Black Sea cannot help the Baltic, and neither of them can help the Pacific. Coaling-stations are sadly to seek, and liquid fuel will be no easier to get when out of reach of petroleum-tanks. Strategically speaking, one British ship is worth two Russian ships in its chances of getting to the right point at the right time.

The odds are, therefore, that, given common sense in the councils of the Dual Alliance, Mr. Goschen's last little bill will inaugurate the reign of peace and suspension of armaments that we all desire. And when the naval race is decided, the army race must be seriously taken up. Not, of course, that we need the call of everyone to arms. Our seas protect us from armies, as the winter and her enormous extent protect Russia from fleets. But much remains to be done to make the British Army what it should be. It has always been small, but no other force, except Cæsar's and Hannibal's, has had so much glory to the square inch. All we want is to have the present efficiency equal to the past glory, and then we may give up bragging and live at peace. MARMITON.

THE ART OF THE DAY.

The American Water-Colour Society, whose exhibition opened in New York on Feb. 13, was formed in 1866 from a nucleus of the Society of Painters in Water-Colours, the first body of artists organised in America for the development of the art. The latter organisation had its inception in 1850; but, after showing its work at the "Exhibition of the Industry



THE GIFT OF ROSES.—ALBERT HERTER, A.W.C.S.

of all Nations," commonly known as the World's Fair, at the New York Crystal Palace in 1853, it practically passed out of existence. In those days there was little encouragement given to water-colouring, because of a distrust in the retaining properties of pigments reduced to pulp with water; hence patrons of art were averse to investing in pictures which might in due time lose their tone, if not entirely fade from sight. The old "London Society of Painters in Water-Colours" long strove to remove this distrust, and it was not until it had partially succeeded that the artists of America took heart again, although their experiments meanwhile had convinced them that the distrust was unfounded. The first President of the new Society was Samuel Colman, who is yet a member of it, and, as its second Secretary shortly after its formation, and its subsequent President during a period of twelve years, stands the name of James D. Smillie, who to this day adorns its membership.

Each successive winter since 1867-68 the American Water-Colour Society has held its annual exhibition, and not infrequently as many as seven hundred water-colours have been exhibited. The exhibits are not confined to its members. As long ago as 1888, Mr. William T. Evans, a public-spirited gentleman of New York City, and an ardent lover of art, offered a yearly prize of three hundred dollars for the most meritorious water-colour in the exhibition painted in America by an American artist, whether a member of the Society or otherwise, and, as there is invariably a lively competition for this prize, those who have secured it are worthy of mention. In the order conferred, they are: Horatio Walker, George W. Maynard, William T. Smedley, A. H. Wyant, C. Morgan McIlhenney, Sarah C. Sears, J. Francis Murphy, Walter M. Palmer, W. L. Lathrop, Irving R. Wiles, C. Harry Eaton, and Albert Herter. The Society has the reputation of making the awards without fear or favour, which the fact that on two occasions the fortunate artist was not a member of the organisation may sustain. Preceding its exhibitions, the Society always

gives two receptions, an evening "Stag," followed by a day and evening for both ladies and gentlemen. Invitations to these receptions are much coveted, as, in addition to the social enjoyments they admit of, they afford a privileged view of the paintings and early choice for purchase. No painting is hung that is valued at less than seventy-five dollars, and the total sales oftentimes reach fifteen thousand dollars. At this winter's exhibition (the thirty-second annual), which was held, as usual, at the National Academy of Design for a period of four weeks, there were 491 water-colours.

Wednesday was the three hundredth anniversary of the birth of Vandyck at Antwerp. After some years of study he was received into the studio of the brilliant Rubens, who was at that time in the zenith of his fame. Rubens soon discovered the abilities of his pupil, and all mythological tales of the master's supposed jealousy are now proved to be unwarranted. The young artist set out on his travels in 1619, and after learning much from the work of Titian, in Venice, he settled in Genoa, and painted several of the nobility there. Several beautiful examples of this early work are still to be seen in the palaces at Genoa. Proceeding to Rome, he painted his famous portrait of the Cardinal Bentivoglio and several historical subjects for the Cardinal. His growing fame now aroused the interest of his countrymen, and on his return to Antwerp he was loaded with commissions. Besides working at large religious pictures for various churches in Antwerp and Brussels, he painted the famous series of the eminent artists of the day, so well known from engravings. But jealousies and indignities followed the outburst of appreciation, and Vandyck, knowing of the encouragement given to the arts by Charles I., was induced to visit England in 1629. But he failed to bring himself under the King's notice, and returned in chagrin to Antwerp. Soon after his departure, his portrait of Sir Kenelm Digby was shown to Charles, and he desired that Vandyck



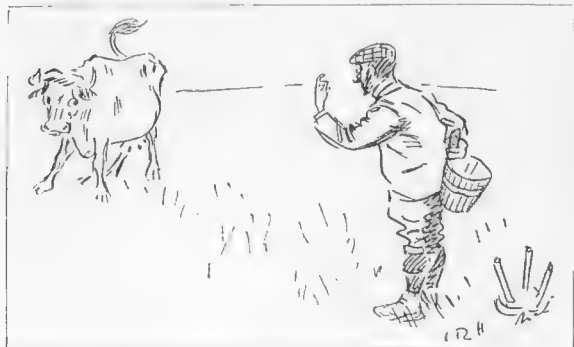
CHILDREN PLAYING.—ROSINA EMMET SHERWOOD, A.W.C.S.

should be invited to return. Then all was triumphant. Charles frequently sat to the new favourite, and he painted the Queen, their children, and many of the influential men and beautiful women of the time. In 1632 he was knighted, and was granted an annuity of two hundred pounds a-year for life.

AN ACCIDENTAL INTERVIEW.

"'Thot be a good one, *thot* be! Ah'm sure! Aye, Ah must tell *thot* ter Mr. Raven—'ll fer to put in his *Poonch* stories, *thot* Ah must."

These words, accompanied by a loud bucolic guffaw, startled me (writes a *Sketch* representative) out of the half-slumber into which I had



fallen on the hardest of hard wooden seats at Devizes Station, and, rubbing my eyes, I inquired whether Mr. Raven-Hill, of *Poonch*, lived anywhere in the neighbourhood.

"Aye, *thot* 'edew. 'Elives out to Bromham, nobbut

fower miles out, or thereabout. If thee 'st a friend o' his'n, Ah can drive you out in my caart. Ah 'in for Bromham myself."

I had had no intention of inflicting myself upon Mr. Raven-Hill; but, knowing him to be a man of kindly heart, I thought I would venture to beg a dinner of him, and perhaps he might even give me bed-room, for the sake of the olden *Butterfly* days, when we bewowed Whitechapel together in search of "types" for his pencil.

When last I had met Mr. Raven-Hill, he had been a Londoner of Londoners, and I beguiled the four miles from Devizes to Bromham with reflections of the thoroughness of the true artist. London work it was, and there he made his home; country work it is and is to be, and in the country he now abides.

"Come in, old man; come in and get warm and try some of this orange-brandy. We make it ourselves, and it's good."

"Papa, 'o's man?" pipes a tiny voice from the head of the old-fashioned staircase, and I catch sight of a tiny golden head and roguish pair of laughing eyes which seem strangely familiar.

"That's No. 2—a favourite model of mine," laughs my host; he has proffered the hoped-for bed and board, which I have gratefully accepted. Mrs. Raven-Hill takes me up to the studio while her husband runs off to change for dinner, and I cannot refrain from expressing my wonderment at her husband's complete metamorphosis from Grub-Streetism to the butterflytiness of the complete country squire.

"Well," says Mrs. Raven-Hill, with a pardonable pride, "you know how particular my husband is about detail in his work. He found it impossible to find time for constant visits to the country in search of models, and so we have allowed ourselves this little luxury."

This "little luxury" is a dear old country-house, spacious and comfortable, with all possible oddities in the way of "bogey-rooms" and queer corners, dating from the reign of good King Henry, seventh of the name. It stands in the picturesque surrounding of its own fields and shrubberies, and affords the owner ample scope for the exercising of his talents in the breeding of pigs, the rearing of cattle, and last, but not least, for the observation of bucolic oddities as displayed by the yokels round, for, as Mr. Raven-Hill remarked as we went in to dinner, the Wiltshire yokel is a daisy.

We laughed a good deal during dinner at the queer way in which I had learned of my host's whereabouts, and over the coffee and cigars I asked him whether many "good 'uns" found their way to him direct from the sources of their actual happenings.

"Yes, indeed. In fact, I may say that very few jokes now appear over my name which have not their foundation in actual fact. I run across most of them myself, although a good many are brought to me; but, as you know, the funny side of things does not appeal to everybody.

"But what really drew you away from the topics of the town—towny, Mr. Raven-Hill? You used not to be so enamoured of the country, if I remember rightly?"

"Oh, I don't know; I always loved the country for its own sake, but perhaps until lately I have never fully appreciated its beauties. My art education and the earlier influences which bore upon my work tended at first to make me look upon most things through French eye-glasses, but this has gradually worn off, and in my old age (the veteran is thirty-one) I have become a veritable John Bull, and the landscapes round me appeal to my senses more and more each year that I live among them. Your French art—good though some of it is—is too artificial, and the public, too, likes a hearty British laugh at a genuine English joke, I think."

"You are doing other work besides the jokes for *Punch*, though, are you not?"

"Oh yes, and a great relaxation I find it—*toujours perdriz* is bad for the best digestion, you know, even if you shoot the birds yourself. I've illustrated Rudyard Kipling's latest story, 'Stalky and Co.,' and I do a good deal of work for the *Pall Mall Magazine* as well. They are delightful people to work for, and I always get a good deal of satisfaction out of an illustration to a good yarn."

The next morning I took a cordial farewell of my host and his charming wife and children, and went on my way rejoicing at the happy accident which had led me within his gates.

ADVICE TO A NOVELIST.

CASUAL ACQUAINTANCE (*confidentially*). My dear sir, what you ought to do is to get hold of a good plot.

MAIDEN LADY. I do so wish you had known my poor Uncle Albert! He was a most humorous person; full of his fun. I remember once, when he was just recovering from an illness, he put some of his medicine in the liqueur-stand—mind you, that was when he was not at all in good form—and oh, we girls did so laugh at Pa! Ah (*with regretful sigh*), poor Uncle Albert would have given you some humorous ideas!

OLD SCHOOLFELLOW. Let me see, what was it I heard about you the other day? It wasn't a police-court case, but— Oh, I remember now! Writing novels, aren't you? (*Bashful admission, with hopeful anticipation of compliment*) What an extraordinary thing to do! You were always rather a bright chap at school; I should have thought you would have found something better to occupy your time than that. (*Reprovingly*.) Seems all the greater pity, because several of the rest of us are doing quite decently in the world. There's Mellish, he's in coffee; Langton is in Coleman Street; I myself (*with modest pride*) am doing fairly well in one or two things; but you— (*Sighs, and shakes his head compassionately*.)

EFFUSIVE YOUNG MATRON. My husband wanted me to be sure and ask you. Do you make up your plots before you begin to write the story, or after you've finished— I don't mean that exactly. What I mean to say is, I fancy it must be a fearfully good plan to try and think about the plot for a bit before you start writing. If I were going to write a novel, I should do nothing but think for about twenty-five minutes, or perhaps half-an-hour; and then, when I'd got it all fixed up, why, I should simply sit down and write it. (*Light-hearted fluttering of fan*.) Oh, I'm sure it must be delightful work to set down one's innermost thoughts and go in for elevating the world, and (*vaguely*) all that sort of thing. (*A respectful inquiry*.) Oh dear, no! I've never tried it. My hobby is collecting china dogs.

ENGAGING YOUNG WOMAN. Has it ever occurred to you that a good story might be made out of— (*Wrinkles her pretty forehead*.) Let me think, now! I had the idea all right not long since, but I'm really afraid that I've half-forgotten it. So annoying, because I'm sure you would have made something of it! (*With effort at recollection*.) There was a man and, I think, two women, or else two women and a man; and one of the women, or else the man (I forget which), fell in love, but the other person, you understand, knew nothing about it, and then he, or rather, she— (*Despairingly*.) Oh, I forget really. Let's talk about something else. Do you golf?

CITY MAN. You'll never bring off anything really big, my dear sir, until you begin to work the ropes properly. (*Confidentially*.) I don't profess to know much about it, but my advice is simply this: Go out into society more; make yourself amiable; give little dinners to the right men; ask after their kids. There (*with burst of generosity*), I've given you a tip now that'll put thousands and thousands of pounds into your pocket. All these things only want working, believe me. I tell you, we Stock Exchange men are pretty shrewd; what we don't know isn't worth knowing. You want to bear the market for all you're worth. Make a note of it now. Fortunate thing for you that you've met a man like myself just in time to give you a word of good advice. You'll look back on this conversation, and you'll say, "Ah!" you'll say, "that was where I began to race."

SOLID MATRON. Don't mind my speaking quite frankly about your work, do you? (*Permission given*.) Of course, I'm only a woman, and I like your books to a certain extent, and I'm sure it's quite wonderful how you manage to write so many words all at once—I simply hate even writing a letter—but the mistake you make is in making all your people so—so—well, you know what I mean. (*Humble contradiction*.) Well, you do make them so absurdly moral, don't you, now? It's a very grave error, believe me. People don't want to read about them one bit. Besides, it's so unnatural. You've only to look around you and— (*Carefully worded inquiry*.) Oh dear, no! Oh dear, dear, no! Of course, I don't know any people of that sort. What a strange question to ask, to be sure! (*With some austerity*.) I am happy to say that I have always been surrounded by most excellent people. My husband is a vicar's churchwarden, and I myself— Ah! (*hopelessly*), I'm afraid you don't exactly understand me.

EXCITED YOUTH. My dear fellow, listen to me. Mistake you make is in—Crumbs! look at that girl—is in going all rocky over you—D'you always tie your necktie yourself?—over your dialogue. If you're going to let a man make a statement in your stories, why on earth don't you let him say it right out and finish it, and not clip off his sentences like— Does my stud look all right? It's one of a new set I've bought, and I rather fancy they're swagger. (*A pause*.) Let me see, what was I saying? [BADGERED AUTHOR declines to tell him.]

MOST PEOPLE (*curiously*). I wonder you don't try your hand at painting.

W. PETT RIDGE.

PUBLIC-SCHOOL BOYS AS SOLDIERS.

From Photographs by Fry, Brighton.



HAILEYBURY CADETS IN ACTION.



CLIFTON CADETS RETURNING FROM THE FIGHT.

The Public School Volunteers had a field-day at Aldershot on the 16th inst. The general idea for the day was that a Western force was falling back to Farnham-Crandall, pursued by an Eastern force. The Eastern force was composed of two battalions, one (eight hundred strong) being made up from Eton, Harrow, Dulwich, Whitgift, Forest, Felsted, and Berkhamstead Schools (in grey and green); and the other (seven hundred strong) from Bedford, Highgate, Epsom, Sherborne, Rugby, and Haileybury, all in scarlet. The Western force also had two battalions. The scarlet one was made up from Tonbridge, Cheltenham, Clifton, Hurstpierpoint, Bradfield, and Winchester. The second battalion (six hundred and fifty strong) came from Malvern, Charterhouse, Marlborough, Wellington College, and Eastbourne.

HOW ROYALTY RIDES.



THE TRAIN WHICH CONVEYED THE DUKE AND DUCHESS OF CONNAUGHT TO WADY HALFA (WHERE THIS PHOTOGRAPH WAS TAKEN).



PRINCES LEOPOLD AND MAURICE OF BATTENBERG DRIVING SHETLAND PONIES.

Photo by Hughes and Mullins, Ryde.



THE DONKEY-CHAISE IN WHICH THE QUEEN RIDES AT NICE.

Photo by Hughes and Mullins, Ryde.

THE IRVING OF JAPAN.

BY OSMAN EDWARDS.

Whoever first called Mr. Ichikawa Danjuro the Japanese Irving was not unhappily inspired. He stands as unquestionably at the head of his profession as the uncrowned king whose palace is the Lyceum; he is associated by his fellow-countrymen, as we associate Sir Henry, with a splendid series of historic impersonations; he has done a great deal to raise the status and enhance the prestige of actors; he enjoys an income far exceeding that of the Prime Minister, and, next to Marquis Ito, is perhaps the most popular person in Japan. In one respect he certainly surpasses our greatest actor. We can hardly imagine the portrayer of Becket, of Shylock, and Louis XI. favourably impressing his audience in the rôles of Portia or Beatrice or Lady Macbeth; but such androgynous feats are frequently accomplished by the Tokyo favourite, who, moreover, at the age of sixty-five, is still capable of much agility as a dancer in the "Dumari" or pantomimic scenes which break the somewhat lurid march of a seven-act tragedy.

He belongs to a family which has been on the boards for nine generations. The original Danjuro made his début in 1673, and the present bearer of that name made his first appearance at the age of three, in 1840, and was adopted by Gonjuro, under whose name he played until 1874, when he resumed his father's. When I add that his name in private life is Shu Horikoshi, and that fellow-actors call him Naritaya, you will admit that this passion for an *alias*, common to all classes, is confusing to the definitely labelled foreigner. In the old days, when every play of importance drew a series of coloured prints from Toyokuni and his disciples of the brush, for the delectation of native playgoers, and, ultimately, of European collectors, the world of mummers was despotically ruled by caste. Half-a-dozen families enjoyed the sole right of training and adopting novices, of transmitting technical secrets, and even of playing particular parts. Nowadays, all that is changed. In the absence of an endowed theatre or any system of theatrical training, every tyro must shift for himself in the free-fight of unlimited competition. This is far from being an unmixed evil. It, at least, guarantees some loophole for originality, which was much hampered under the old régime of reverent imitation. Mr. Danjuro himself has initiated many stage-reforms. It is he who made facial expression a far more effective weapon in histrionic armoury there than here, not only potent but possible. The grotesque faces, barred with blue or red stripes, which Kuniyoshi and Kunisada painted, may have impressed an old-fashioned audience, but the moderns are more to be envied who follow with obviously intense emotion the vivid play of feeling on mobile features during scene after scene of battle, murder, and sudden death. Every foreigner who has witnessed a Japanese play must have regretted the artificial declamation of speeches, pitched very high or very low in tone, to evade the never-silent samisen (a kind of three-stringed banjo), which accompanies the performer, like a curse, from start to finish. Other actors now follow Mr. Danjuro's example in confining as far as possible

this coincidental music to particular scenes; this enables them to use their voices more naturally, and gives the author a better chance of being appreciated.

Western ideas have affected very little the form or substance of Japanese plays, which continue to be written about national heroes and to inculcate feudal ideas of obedience at any price. Among the more famous rôles interpreted by Mr. Danjuro and familiar to all students of Japanese history, are Nakamitsu, who beheaded his own son in place of his master's; Benkei, the Devil-youth, whose gigantic strength and crafty wit were loyally used for his diminutive lord, Yoshitsune; Jiraiya, an Oriental Robin Hood, no less accomplished as a magician than as a robber; Iwafugi, a malicious Court-lady of the Tokugawa period, and Kasuga no Tsubone (the Lady-in-Waiting of Kasuga), who was entrusted with the education of the Shogun's grandson, Iyemitsu, and whose portrait, as drawn in this play by Mr. Fukuchi, a most remarkable living dramatist, is worthy of Björnson or of Shakspeare.

The Emperor has only once been present at a theatrical performance in the house of Count Inouye. The upper classes confine all interest in things dramatic to the archaic Nô-plays, privately enacted before a select audience. Thus the patrons of the stage belong almost exclusively to the middle and lower classes, but these flock in such numbers to the playhouse that the best players draw very large salaries. Last spring, after a season of four weeks at Osaka, Mr. Danjuro's share of the receipts amounted to fifty thousand yen (rather more than £5000); but the prices are always raised when he appears. Four such seasons in a year would tempt any "star" from our own theatrical firmament, but it should be added that, in conformity with a generous etiquette, as much as £2000 of the Osaka windfall was expended in presents to friends and friendly tea-houses.

Devoted to his own drama, Mr. Danjuro does not pretend to take much interest in foreign forms of the same art. He once took part with a Madame Théo in a little sketch, entitled "The Green-Eyed Monster," and written half in French, half in Japanese, to amuse the guests of the Foreign Legations at Tokyo, but he has never seen one of our typical pieces or performers. The attempts

of the Sôsbî-Shibai (or "Students' Theatre") to import Dumas and Pailleron by the medium of translation were not so successful as to enlist his sympathy. Conservative in morals as in art, he fears that such a writer as Shakspeare would brutalise and unsex Japanese girlhood. Perhaps he is right. Mr. Archer and Mr. Grein, between them, exposed us Londoners to the danger of marrying Nora or "taking Hedda Gabler in to dinner"; far more heinous were it to open O Hazukashi San's almond eyes to the frowardness of Beatrice and the shrewishness of Katharine.

NOTE.

The Sketch will be on sale in the UNITED STATES at the offices of the International News Company, 83 and 85, Duane Street, New York; and in AUSTRALASIA, by Messrs. Gordon and Gotch, at Melbourne, Sydney, Brisbane, Adelaide, and Perth, W.A.; Christchurch, Wellington, Auckland, and Dunedin, New Zealand.



MR. DANJURO.



AS JIRAIYA.



AS THE LADY-IN-WAITING OF KASUGA.



AS IWAFUGI, A COURT LADY.



[Photo by Russell, Baker Street, W.]

A FAMOUS RULER OF THE NEW WORLD.

Cecil John Rhodes, the younger son of a vicar, was born in 1853. As a lad, he was sent for his health to Natal, came home, took his degree at Oxford, and then returned to the Cape, where he began his political career as Member for Barkly. Gordon wanted Rhodes to accompany him to Khartum in 1884. If he had not declined, there would have been no Cape to Cairo railway scheme to-day, and Africa would have had to do without its Uncrowned Emperor.



[Photo by Russell, Baker Street, W.]

A FAMOUS RULER OF THE OLD WORLD

William II., third German Emperor and ninth King of Prussia, was born in 1859, his mother being our own Princess Royal. He was brought up as a soldier. He succeeded his father, Frederick, in 1888. He has been described as a "lord of hosts, a yachtsman, a poet, a composer, a painter, and a preacher." Unlike Mr. Rhodes, he is married, and has six sons and a daughter. He wants to be an Emperor in Asia.

THE BOOK AND ITS STORY.

"ROSES AND RUE."*

Yet another poet of the neo-mystic Irish school of which Mr. W. B. Yeats, Mrs. Hinkson (Katharine Tynan), Miss Nora Hopper, and Miss Dora Sigerson are the leading representatives. Miss Alice Furlong,



MISS ALICE FURLONG.

the last claimant to Celtic poetic honours, has been of late attracting attention by prose and verse contributions to the Irish national magazines and newspapers, and by her personal connection with the new Irish literary movement as a member of the Council of the National Literary Society of Ireland.

Her friends and admirers across the water have also had deep reason to sympathise with her in the appalling bereavements that have recently befallen her, for, during the last couple of years, her father, a capable journalist, was carried to die in Steevens Hospital, Dublin, before his wife and daughters could reach his bedside, as we are so touchingly told in the beautiful poem to his memory. Her mother, to whom she dedicates her poems, very shortly followed him to the grave, and only last summer her brilliant and beautiful sister perished of typhus fever after safely nursing a group of poor Irish folk through that plague, thereby strangely realising Miss Furlong's fine conception of her old Irish heroine, Norna of the nut-brown tresses—

Cathair knows that I am no coward,
The blood of Heremon never ran cold.
I climbed the hill when the thick snow showered,
To find the lamb that forsook the fold.
Waist-high I forded the roaring river,
To bring the priest to a dying man;
I tended old Maureen in the plague of fever,
When she lay forsaken of all her clan.

It has been suggested that Miss Furlong belongs to the new Irish school of poetry, of which mysticism is a prevailing characteristic. She evidently has read Mrs. Hinkson's poems carefully, and through her now and again catches Miss Rossetti's pre-Raphaelite spirit, as, for example, when she writes—

In a stable bare,
Lo, the great Ones are;
Strew the ivy and the myrtle
Round about the Virgin's kirtle.

Rapt the seraphs sit,
With godly faces lit
By the radiance shining solely
From the Christ-Child, meek and holy.

But, though penetrated by that Celtic sense of mystery and melancholy which is so remarkably characteristic of the younger Irish poets, and not quite untouched by its tendency to an over-fastidious

phraseology, Miss Furlong is occasionally passionately direct in her utterance. This quatrain, for example, is almost Sapphic in its intensity—

Love of you and hate of you
Tears my very heart in two!
As you please me or displease
So I burn and so I freeze.

And, again, what could be more pointedly passionate than this—

I am jealous; I am true;
Sick at heart for love of you,
O my share of the World!
I am cold, oh, cold as stone,
To all men save you alone!

This note of intense passion meets us in "The Betrayal," in "The Bard to his Beloved," and "My King," and the writer's fine sense of scorn breaks out in another key in "The World's Winter," and in yet another in "Ireland in America." Here an Irish-American Judge is described as passing out of a self-congratulatory mood into a day-dream of his boyhood in a peasant cabin in Connaught. Two verses of this will show how well Miss Furlong can weave satire and pathos together—

The lawyers call me Solomon, the merchants call me Cræsus,
I'm "most affable" to journalists when I am interviewed;
I can never pass the fashionable photo-selling places,
But I'm smilingly confronted by my daughters' pretty faces;
They're exhibited in every attitude.

Then I hear my mother whisper, "Let us bless Him who has blessed us,"
And outside the corn-crake murmurs in the depths of dewy grass;
In the dim blue sky the stars come out while we lie down and rest us—
I've been dreaming! Here I'm sitting by my fire of stiff asbestos,
And my footman enters in to light the gas.

But passion and sarcasm are not the prevailing notes in Miss Furlong's poems. Though they occasionally start from her verse, and always with effect, these lyrics tingle through and through with those shifting strains of joy and melancholy so characteristic of Celtic music and Celtic poetry.

Though attempting long and intricate metres, she rarely makes a false pause or produces a faulty vocal effect. On the other hand, she excels in what, to borrow a musical term, we may describe as "broad phrasing," as well as in haunting assonances. Indeed, her use of the Gaelic internal rhyming, or "inlaid rhyme," as Dr. Sigerson so happily calls it, in two of her poems, "My King" and "A Caoine for Owen Roe," would alone be proof sufficient of her skill as a rhymist.

Indeed, it is remarkable what she has done in so many measures and moods in this little daintily bound and printed book of sixty-three pages—from the passionate love-poems touched upon to the quiet pathos of "Home-Coming," and from the tragic concentration of "The King's Mercy" to the buoyant freshness of "A March Song." Altogether, this is a first volume of rare promise.

ALFRED PERCEVAL GRAVES.



THE FIGHT FOR THE STANDARD.—R. ANSDELL, R.A.

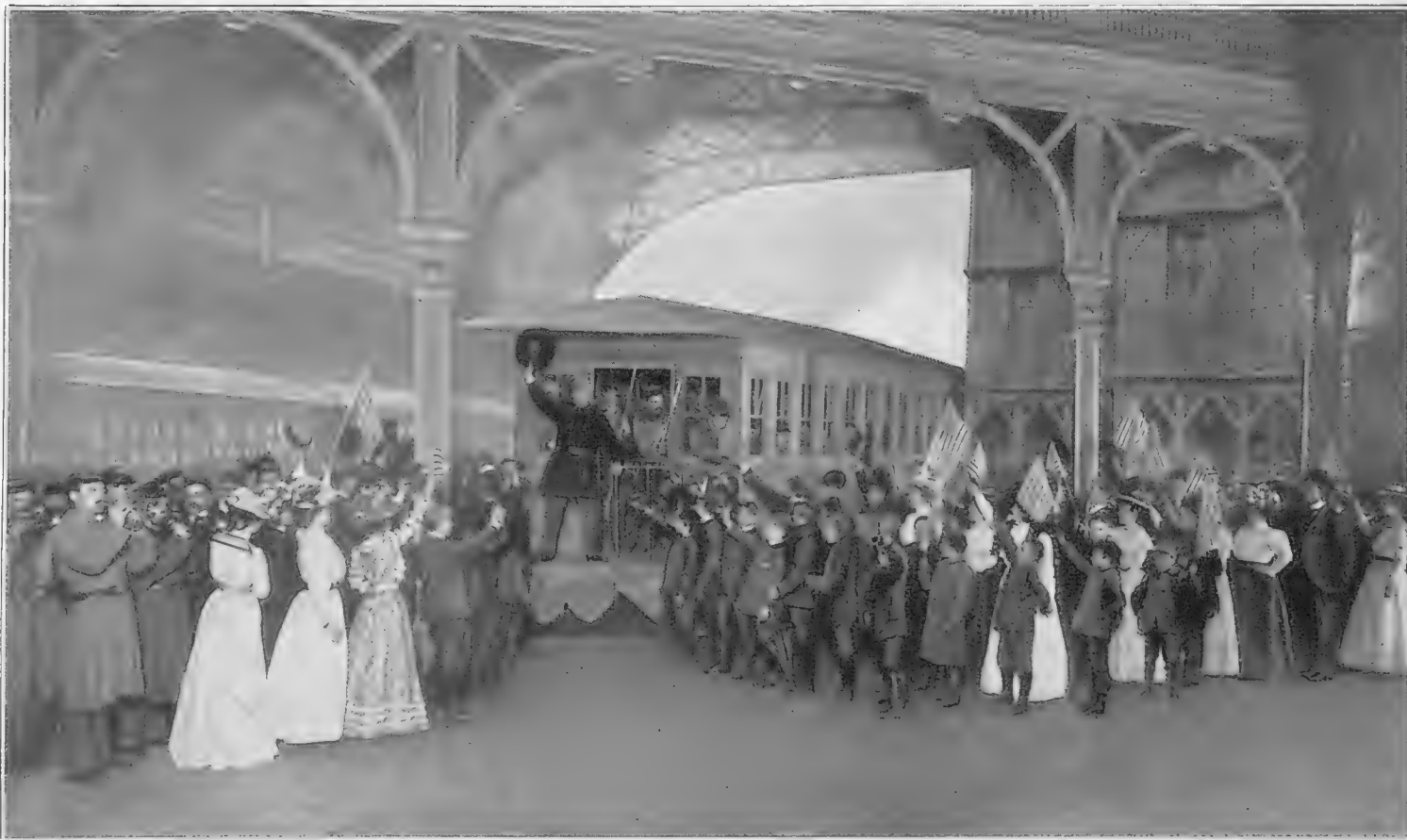
This famous picture, depicting the capture of a French eagle by Sergeant Ewart at Waterloo, was sold at Christie's on the 18th inst. for 120 guineas. In 1874 it fetched 900 guineas. The Scots Greys still possess Ewart's sword.

* "Roses and Rue." By Alice Furlong. London: Elkin Mathews.



A MARCH WIND.

WHAT CAN NOW BE DONE ON THE STAGE.

From Photographs by Byron, New York.

THIS SHOWS ONE SCENE OF A PLAY CALLED "HER ATONEMENT," RECENTLY PRODUCED IN NEW YORK.



A PAINTED SHIP UPON A PAINTED OCEAN IN "HER ATONEMENT."

A HEROINE OF SIR WALTER SCOTT.

It was one indication that Carlyle, with all his genius, distinctly lacked the critical faculty with regard to literature that he described Sir Walter Scott's characters as "Puppets, built up from the teeth outward." No

statement could possibly be more preposterous; every one of Scott's important characters lives with a vivid intensity, and it is that more even than his incomparable gifts as a story-teller that causes Sir Walter's work to remain in a way that few writers' work remains. As an example of this vitality and power of delineation of character, take Jeanie Deans in "The Heart of Midlothian." "The Heart of Midlothian" cannot be expected to be ranked as highly by the Englishman as by the Scot, but I for one give place to none in my enthusiasm for Jeanie Deans. Jeanie Deans

in real life was named Helen Walker. Scott received his first information concerning Helen Walker from a Miss Helen Lawson, who told him of having visited the old Abbey of Lincluden, and how, in its neighbourhood, she had entered the house of "a little, rather stout-looking woman, who appeared to be between seventy and eighty years of age." She was almost covered, we are told, with a tartan plaid, and her cap had over it a black silk hood, tied under the chin, a piece of dress still much in use among elderly women of that rank of life in Scotland; her eyes were dark, and remarkably lively and intelligent. The old woman said that in winter she was in the habit of knitting stockings for country people, and in summer she reared chickens. She gave her name as Helen Walker. Miss Lawson inquired later concerning Helen Walker, and was told that she had been left an orphan, with the charge of a sister considerably younger than herself, whom she had educated and maintained by her exertions. This sister was afterwards tried for child-murder, and Helen was called as a principal witness against her. The counsel for the prisoner told Helen that, if she could declare that her sister had made any preparations for the care of her child, or had given her any intimation on the subject, such a statement would save her sister's life. Helen replied, "It is impossible for me to swear to a falsehood, and, whatever may be the consequence, I will give my oath according to my conscience." When the trial came on, Helen Walker's sister was found guilty and condemned; but in Scotland six weeks must elapse between the sentence and the execution, and Helen Walker availed herself of it. She got a petition drawn up on her sister's behalf, and set out on foot on the night of the trial for London. She presented herself in her country attire to the Duke of Argyll, who immediately procured the pardon she petitioned for, and Helen returned with it on foot, just in time to save her sister. Helen rarely spoke about her action, although every year the sister whom she had saved, and who lived at Whitehaven, sent her a cheese. Scott, after he had made Helen Walker celebrated by "The Heart of Midlothian," erected a tomb to her memory in the churchyard of Irongray, near Dumfries, which bears the following inscription—

This stone was erected by the author of "Waverley" to the memory of Helen Walker, who died in the year of God 1791. This humble individual practised in real life the virtues with which fiction has invested the imaginary character of Jeanie Deans. Refusing the slightest departure from veracity, even to save the life of a sister, she, nevertheless, showed her kindness and fortitude in rescuing her from the severity of the law, at the expense of personal exertions which the time rendered as difficult as the motive was laudable.

Respect the grave of poverty when combined with love of truth and dear affection.

C. K. S.



THE GRAVE OF HELEN WALKER, THE PROTOTYPE OF JEANIE DEANS, IN IRONGRAY CHURCHYARD.

Photo by William Allen, Dumfries.



HELEN WALKER'S GRAVE.

WHAT GLADSTONE THOUGHT OF DEVILS.

Some interesting private letters of the illustrious statesman have lately come into my possession, and I have obtained leave to make what use of them I please. According to one of these missives, interest in the subject of Satan and all his ways and works has greatly increased during the last twenty years or so, "though the very name 'devil,' or 'devvil,' always had many and strange meanings." This appears to have been so even in days when all the world was young, for Mr. Gladstone mentions incidentally that the devil was represented as a two-legged creature with a cloven hoof by certain Rabbinical writers, several of whom styled him "seirissim"; that is, a goat, one of the most unclean of animals. The expression "Go to the devil" would seem to have a different origin from the one commonly attributed to it, for we are told in one of these letters that there formerly existed at the upper end of Fleet Street a popular tavern largely patronised by members of the literary, legal, and dramatic professions, which tavern bore the sign "The Devil and St. Dunstan." When the journalists quitted their offices, the lawyers their courts or their chambers, and the actors their rehearsals, in order to go to lunch, they generally left word, "Gone to the devil," so that when, in time, some of these worthies gradually dropped into the habit of spending the whole of their afternoons at "the Sign of the Devil," to the detriment of their work, the phrase "going to the devil," became synonymous with "going to the bad." Lest I should be taken to task for retailing this somewhat bold assertion, I have studiously sought confirmation of it, also some other reference to the historic tavern alluded to. The latter I find in Swift's famous "Letter to Stella," which contains the following entry: "Dined to-day with Dr. Garth and Mr. Addison at the Devil Tavern, near Temple Bar."

The origin of the habit of alluding to a pair of clever rogues as "the Devil and Faust" dates back, Mr. Gladstone thinks, to the tradition that when Faust issued his printed imitations of manuscript Bibles, and sold them in Paris and elsewhere as genuine manuscripts, he was accused of being in league with the devil, and ordered to be roasted alive; but, upon his revealing his secret—the secret of printing—and imploring pardon, was released. This legend, he says, has, no doubt, a substratum of truth, as so many of the earlier traditions had, but exactly where truth ends and fiction begins it is, of course, almost impossible to tell. The printer's devil, he says in one of the letters, has been in existence almost since the general introduction of the printing-press, and presumably the nickname was given to him by the printers who employed him, on account of his uniform of black. What Mr. Gladstone means by "uniform of black" is not quite clear, and the half of the letter which might explain it is missing. In Dr. Brewer's excellent "Dictionary of Phrase and Fable," however, "a printer's devil" is described as "formerly the boy who took the printed sheets from the tympan of the press." Old Moxon says, "They do commonly so black and bedaub themselves that the workmen do jocosely call them devils." This, possibly, was the "uniform of black" alluded to in the letter. About the year 1490 a certain Venetian printer employed as "devil" a black slave, and, superstitious country folk having persuaded themselves and one another that the fellow could not be of this world, the printer, much disgusted, issued a proclamation that "I, Aldo Manuzio, printer to the Doge, have this day made public exposure of the printer's devil, that all who think he is not flesh and blood may come and pinch him."

When Mr. Gladstone was last in power, his supper at the House almost invariably consisted of grilled, or, as he was the first to name them, "devilled" bones, and it was this trifling incident that led eventually to his writing the letters now in my possession. Ever seeking knowledge, no matter how apparently trivial, he very kindly volunteered upon that occasion to send to an acquaintance of his engaged in compiling a dictionary of quaint and curious phrases all he knew of the origin of various specified words, and even to seek out for the young man further information in some of the musty volumes over which he himself so loved to spend the few odd moments of leisure at his disposal. "Tak o' th' dule, an' he'll put oot his horns," is an old Scotch saw, to which we are indebted for the hackneyed modern saying, "Talk of the devil, and he will come." Mr. Gladstone unearthed no less than five early references to this proverb alone, one of which occurs in "Hans Carvel," and runs as follows—

Since therefore 'tis to combat evil,
'Tis lawful to employ the Devil.
Forthwith the Devil did appear,
For name him, and he's always near.

"The latter-day cant phrase, 'Devil to pay,'" writes Mr. Gladstone in the last of his letters upon the subject, "is obviously a contraction of the sentence, 'Devil to pay and no pitch hot.'" "To pay the seams of a ship," he then goes on to explain, means to fill and cover the seams with boiling pitch, while "devil" is the slang for a dirty opening or seam. Consequently "devil to pay and no pitch hot" signifies in plain English that the seams or openings are ready to be filled with pitch, but that the pitch is not hot—in other words, not ready—and that therefore, owing to the delay, a considerable sum of money will be wasted: that is, there will be "the devil to pay." In the same epistle he explains the true origin of the Devil's Throat (which is near Cromer), the Devil's Bridge in Russia, Devil's Bones, Devil's Books, and Devil's Candles, but these I cannot deal with at present.

B. T.

LADY WARWICK AS A GARDENER.

Nineteen hundred years ago, Horace, in the quietude of his Sabine farm, extolled the virtues of a country life, and in the world's history at all times and all places this cry has been repeated by those who are sated

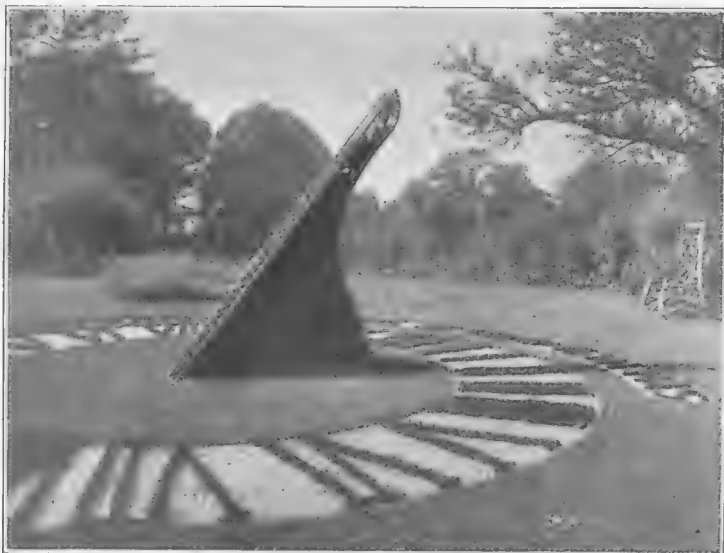


AN ARBOUR IN LADY WARWICK'S GARDEN.
Reproduced from "An Old English Garden."

with town and civilisation. Jean Jacques, the suspicious but harmless hermit of Montmorency, after his turbulent and restless life in cities and civilised communities, clamours in his "Discours" for a return to nature, for the green fields and trees and fruits, and for the sunshine and the sky. Here he finds his genius capable of development and his life of peace. The tired singer, Heine, full of his *Judenschmerz* amid the maddening crowds of Hamburg and Berlin, sighs like a spoilt child for his island of Norderney, for his boat, his sand-dunes, his sky, and his endless sea.

And now we have the secret of the Countess of Warwick's youth. She, too, has a garden, an old English garden, and her love for it has induced her to write one of the most beautifully reproduced books that I have seen for many a day. Lady Warwick was wise in getting Mr. Arthur L. Humphreys, of Hatchards', to produce the book, for he has excellent taste. "An Old English Garden" is a handsome folio of seventy-odd pages, illustrated with Mr. Payne Jennings's beautiful photographs, reproduced with the most delicate photogravure. Although she does not state it, I take it that the garden in question is that of Easton Lodge, Dunmow, one of Lady Warwick's residences. Thither, I imagine, she betakes herself when London becomes too appalling, and in imagination I can see her versatile ladyship, equipped with a large pair of gardening-gloves and a Dolly Varden hat, wandering among her roses and the old-fashioned flowers that you will find in such pleasancess.

Like Alphiuss, she sounds the note "Beatus ille qui procul negotiis," and gives us a charming peep in word and picture into her Arcadie of roses and lilies and trees. The garden is divided into certain sections: for example, there is a "Friendship Border," where the flowers bear the



A DIAL IN LADY WARWICK'S GARDEN.
Reproduced from "An Old English Garden."

labels of many donors. The Prince of Wales, for instance, is represented by a bell-flower, Michaelmas daisies, phlox, and rockfoil. Lady Roseline sends meadowsweet, the Duchess of York windflower—indeed, the entire peerage seems to flourish on the flower-border in a quaint old way.

Then there is a "Shakspeare Border." On the plants in this section of her domain Lady Warwick has written mottoes from Shakspeare's plays.

Miss Constance Jekyll is also a gardener, and her "Wood and Garden"—described as "Notes and Thoughts, Practical and Critical, of a Working Amateur"—which Messrs. Longmans, Green, and Co. have published, is very charming. The freshness on every page makes the dweller in cities long for the country, for the woods, and for flowers. Even to those who know nothing of the mysteries of horticulture it must act as a stimulus, as the book is not hampered by the crowded details of a technical manual, and yet there is a vast amount of information from one who has gone through the toils of gardening for its very pleasure. And she has not confined her book merely to details of plants and how to grow them. At every turn we are met with observations of Nature in its widest sense, of animals harmless and harmful, of men in general and gardeners in particular. In almost three hundred pages there is scarcely one that is dull. A striking feature, too, are the exquisite illustrations reproduced from photographs by the author. Most of them are of quite exceptional eloquence, and if her garden is as well done, it should certainly be well worth seeing.

SARAH BERNHARDT'S NEW THEATRE.

Madame Sarah Bernhardt's new theatre and the programme planned there form the most ambitious private effort in this direction ever made in Paris—perhaps in the world. She has taken from the city the old Opéra-Comique, for the large yearly rental of £4000, and, with the help of her painters-in-ordinary, Clairin and Louise Abbema,



SARAH BERNHARDT'S NEW THEATRE.

it has been transformed from its old ugliness into a bower of beauty. The enormous stage will permit great spectacular settings such as Irving has accustomed us to but the French public knows little about, and which the actress has learned to appreciate in her visits to England. The regular representations are only a part of the projected work. There is a classical series, with introductory lectures, such as has been heretofore confined to the Government theatres, and that will put the Théâtre Sarah-Bernhardt on a literary footing with the Odéon and Comédie-Française, while furnishing this advantage not in the Government's power—that the tragic rôles will be played by the great tragédienne. There will be also Saturday five-o'clocks, devoted to recitation and representation of pieces by amateurs, a work heretofore depending on the theatres *de côté*, whereby Madame Sarah, who has already been the godsend of several young writers, will show herself the patron of all.

As one sees, the programme is vast. The money she will lavish here Madame Sarah Bernhardt counts on earning in England and the United States, whereby we may claim not unjustly some personal interest in the undertaking. Some of the choicer literary spirits tearfully reproach the new manageress for her choice of "La Tosca" as her opening play, but she is shrewd enough to understand that it is necessary to give the public what it wants and is willing to pay for seeing, not what the choicer spirits would persuade it is good for it—obscure poetry and hazy symbolism. Sarah Bernhardt, moreover, is not the only theatrical manager in Paris who swears by Sardou. The great dramatist has already signed agreements for at least five plays by him to be played during the Exhibition next year. In her new venture Sarah Bernhardt has had the courage to break with the old-fashioned rule in Paris of charging more for seats that are booked in advance, though, as a matter of fact, the price of her stalls and dress-circle seats is nearly fifty per cent. higher than in most of the boulevard houses—ten francs instead of seven francs.

A NOVEL IN A NUTSHELL.

THE LOVE THAT WAS PHONOGRAPHED.

BY CHARLES STEWART.

I.—HIS CYLINDER.

My darling Cynthia, the phonograph has just arrived, and I hasten to act on your charming idea that we should hear each other talk when we are apart instead of only having the—er—chilliness of words in black and white. (*Turning his head: "Why the deuce she should get such an idea!"*) Yet, after all, how can I speak to you on a faceless and thoughtless phonograph, when it is your face that I am dying to see and your little ear that I am dying to whisper into? The sight of you is the only thing that satisfies me, so how can I be satisfied with such a worldly, callous thing as a phonograph? And, if one's heart is not satisfied, how can one say the things that one feels, the things that stir in one's—er—heart? I take out your photograph—I take out your (*Where on earth—?*). As I say, darling, I take out your photograph from the pocket near my heart where it lives (*Dash the thing! It's Belinda's!*), to pretend I am speaking to your own sweet little self. But at the sight of it I can only be dumb and think of you. And when I am thinking of you, telling over your beauties to my deepest heart, how can I be so soulless as to pour out my soul on a phonograph, of all inert things? (*Who's that? John? Come in. No, not whisky this morning; brandy-and-soda.*) The one thing that gives me happiness is the thought that, though apart, there is a connecting link between us, even if it is only represented by a squeaking cylinder. (*But that's the tape, John. Where are you, John? John! See if Catapettes runs in the first race. Thanks. Now go.*) And it is just that connecting link, squeaking cylinder and gaping tube though it is, that brings such heavenly joy to my soul. Oh, Cynthia, a man would serve and wait for years, a man would make no end of a fool of himself only for love of you! For one kiss I could give up all that other men call happiness. (*How on earth I am to chuck Belinda, I don't know. I suppose a man must, though. . .*)

Dearest, what did you, what could you mean last night by asking me if I had ever loved anyone else? How can you doubt me? Do I doubt you? I was horrified. Such a spirit is the ruin of married life. The woman who would be happy must trust her husband absolutely. When is a man safe if a little unfledged goose like you—ahem!—I mean, never, never, darling, let yourself say such a thing again. It was almost treachery to me for you even to think it. Could a man love as devotedly, as—er—unselfishly as I love you, rich though you are, if he had ever given a thought to another woman? Could a man look into your eyes if he had ever looked with love into another woman's? You know he couldn't. Let that be our last word on the subject. I forgive you, so don't cry your pretty eyes out.

I am simply inundated with business this morning. Every moment I am called away; but the whole world should wait rather than I'd miss phoning you as I promised. (*By Jove, though, if I don't look sharp over the thing, I'll miss that Goodwood special! Hang it all! I must see Catapettes run his first race.*) I would give anything to come and drive with you in the Park instead of slaving here. (*That reminds me—B must return that brougham. It will do up nicely for Cynthia.*) But I shall not be able to do more than dine with you to-night, darling. Work presses very hard, and I want to clear off everything before our marriage. You little know the incessant toil of my life, the constant sacrifice of pleasure to the one dull grind. But, darling, it is all worth while. I would do a hundred times as much for your sake.

When we are married, there mustn't be a care in the world. And how soon that will be! Only three weeks! (*Yes, Belinda really must clear out of that Monte Carlo house. By-the-bye, why not spend the honeymoon there?*) Oh, the thought of three weeks to-day (*or to-morrow?*) stirs my soul to its very depths. (*Yes, I rang, John. Brandy-and-curaçoa. And call me a cab.*)

And now, my dearest own, I must say good-bye. There must be a throng of clients in my room. I haven't even time to hear this thing through its lesson. For ever your own

CLAUD.

II.—HER CYLINDER.

What an amusing machine this is, and what a curious clicking sound it makes! though, even now—and I read your cylinder quite three hours ago—I hear its ticking less than the beating of my heart. I am glad, anyhow, that at first you liked the idea. It was nice to hear your voice; I'd never really heard it before. How strange it seemed without you!

How curious that your horse Catapettes was only beaten a head! Are two heads better than one heart—because a few hours ago you might have had your choice of either head or heart? Now, there is only my head left. And it has suddenly become most unreasonable. That is, it even reasons. To hear your cylinder "through its lesson" was almost better than a play—if, indeed, a love-play without a heroine could ever be put on the stage. I do not say without a hero, because that *has* happened before, hasn't it? My only regret is that I cannot take the other leading part in such a perfect style. But, at least as a critic, I will try to shine, more especially as you cannot yet understand how fully your part was appreciated.

Why, for instance, did you have only two drinks this morning—in

the play? Surely, a few more, judiciously interspersed, would have lent more colour and passion to the thing? Not that that was wanting, either. And you did it passing well, too. I find no fault on that score. Then, again, why didn't you drink champagne instead of brandy? It is ever so much more effervescing, and even you must agree that, in your letter, effervescence plays a somewhat leading part. Indeed, it drowns the should-be heroine.

Why, too, did you send John so quickly out of the room? Surely one listener more or less would make no odds—to use your own expression? There are two here—the girl that was myself, and a strangely calm and reasonable woman whom I don't quite understand yet. At least, I fully understand her when I feel her laughing at that stricken girl who lay huddled up crying on the sofa. How she cried, too! I really quite believe she thought her heart was breaking. How delicious! Besides, John's laugh, though somewhat boisterous, no doubt, would have lent power, if only as a precedent. At least, it would have been honest. Though that might be galling, and might even spoil its stage-effect. Did you doubt his quality as worthy critic, or did you fear his mirth might prove infectious? Yet, why should that have mattered, either? And among those tales a laugh would phonograph as well, I know. No, I cannot think why John could not remain. He might, indeed, have lent a hint or two.

Then the mixing of those photographs—that, for you, was poor indeed! I thought such faults would surely shame a novice! But, enough—let us see how we stand. First and foremost, of course, the brougham will not need doing up—at least, I mean, for me. That will save a little. Then there's no necessity for any expense about the changing of the house—or its occupant. That's on the credit side, too. Then there comes the saving of another honeymoon. Your loss of time, too. This, however, I dare not attempt to estimate. The ring, of course, is at least a dinner or so to the good. The bridesmaids' presents a week at Monte Carlo, for certain.

On the whole, it seems a very good credit list indeed. The phonograph has been decidedly a success. Nothing on the debit side at all. Nothing, excepting, of course, me; but then, as I said before, I am not the Me you knew at all. I am the calm and reasonable woman, beginning to learn—shall I admit it?—a rather difficult part, gaining nothing if I succeed, and with only a private breakdown if I fail.

But, with such a lesson, and with such a brilliant lead, how can I fail?

CYNTHIA.

THE EMBARRASSING EPISODE OF MISS MUFFET AND THE SPIDER.

Little Miss Muffet discovered a tuffet
(Which never occurred to the rest of us),
And, as 'twas a June day and just about noonday,
She wanted to cat—like the best of us.
Her diet was whey, and I hasten to say
It is wholesome, and people grow fat on it;
The spot being lonely, the lady not only
Discovered the tuffet, but sat on it.

A rivulet gabbled beside her and babbled,
As rivulets always are thought to do,
And dragon-flies sported around and cavorted,
As poets say dragon-flies ought to do:
When, glancing aside for a moment, she spied
A horrible sight that brought fear to her,
A hideous spider was sitting beside her,
And most unavoidably near to her!

However unsightly, this creature politely
Said, "Madam, I earnestly vow to you
I'm penitent that I did not wear my hat. I
Should otherwise certainly bow to you."
Though anxious to please, he was so ill at ease
That he lost all his sense of propriety,
And grew so inept that he clumsily slept
In her plate—which is barred in Society.

This curious error completed her terror,
She shuddered, and, growing much paler, not
Only left tuffet, but dealt him a buffet
Which doubled him up in a sailor-knot.
It should be explained that at this he was pained;
He cried, "I have vexed you, no doubt of it!
Your fist's like a truncheon." "You're still in my luncheon."
Was all that she answered; "Get out of it!"

And the MORAL is this: Be it madam or miss
To whom you have something to say,
You are only absurd when you get in the curd,
But you're rude when you get in the whey.

GUY WETMORE CARRYL.



AN OLD MAN OF NEW ZEALAND.

A PHOTOGRAPHIC STUDY BY RICHARDS, BALLARAT.

WHERE THE NEWSPAPER PARAGRAPHS ARE MADE.

I had the honour of knowing the National Press Agency in its early youth. Born in a single room in Shoe Lane in 1873, it took a more commodious nursery at No. 13, Whitefriars Street, six years later, and here in 1881 I found it mewing its athletic boyhood under the parental eye of Mr. Dawson Rogers. This was just after the death of Mr. Edward Spender, uncle of two well-known journalists of that name. Mr. Spender was the first writer of the "London Letter" for the N.P.A., and had left such a tradition of facility and resource that, when my "copy" ran short, the foreman printer would look at me with a pitying smile, and say, "You're not like Mr. Spender. He used to come down in the morning with paragraphs bulging out of every pocket!" Douglas Jerrold's "Man Made of Money" would strip a bank-note off his leg to meet a sudden liability. I began to think of Edward Spender as of a man made of "pars," who only had to peel himself to fill endless columns! Mr. Rowe Bennett was almost as fertile, and in those days Mr. T. P. O'Connor displayed his ever-fresh and voluminous genius in the same line of industry. In 1885, Mr. H. W. Massingham came upon the scene, and the N.P.A. was darkly rumoured to be a centre of political intrigue. I am not a born intriguer, and amongst Mr. Massingham's brilliant qualities sinister guile has never been numbered. Still, eminent statesmen eyed us askance. I remember waiting upon one of them, who received me with the poker in his hand, and a look of such intense suspicion that I wondered whether he took me for a burglar. I was consoled for this a few weeks later, when the N.P.A. was honoured by a special mark of confidence from Mr. Gladstone. Mr. Herbert Gladstone called at the office, and unfolded to me his father's policy of Home Rule. I asked whether Mr. Bright, Mr. Chamberlain (whose poker was still in my mind), and Lord Hartington were expected to follow their chief in this momentous course. The answer showed me that Mr. Gladstone had counted the cost, and was quite prepared for the defection which shattered his party. Next day (through the medium of the Agency) the country was electrified by the first authoritative intimation of Mr. Gladstone's purpose.

In 1894, Mr. Dawson Rogers, who had carried on the N.P.A. for twenty years, retired on a pension, and the management devolved upon Mr. Arthur Spurgeon and Mr. John Reburn. Mr. Reburn has seen twenty-five years' service, and is still the most amiable disburser of cash of a Friday I have ever had the pleasure of knowing. The sum might not always surpass the dreams of avarice, but any trifling deficiency was made up by the auriferous geniality of Mr. Reburn's smile. As for Mr. Spurgeon, I don't want to bring a blush to the cheek

scheme which has extended the work of the Agency to every quarter of the globe. The New York branch is so successful that it is moving into more imposing quarters in Broadway. South Africa is in the grip of Mr. Spurgeon, and I daresay one of his emissaries will take the first ticket on the Cape to Cairo Railway. Australia has submitted quietly.



MR. ARTHUR SPURGEON.

Photo by Bassano, Old Bond Street, W.

MR. JOHN REBURN.

Photo by Hawke, Plymouth.

which is modestly exhibited in his portrait on this page; but I regard him as a man of remarkable organising talent. Apart from the Parliamentary services—the political leaders telegraphed from the House of Commons, the special Parliamentary sketch sent out every night of the Session, and the two daily London Letters—there is a comprehensive

India's coral strand is littered with proofs from the N.P.A.; they flutter upon the spicy breezes which blow soft o'er Ceylon's isle, and comfort the sugar industry in the West Indies. A Special Commissioner was sent round the Empire to rouse echoes of the Jubilee, and a prominent Member of Parliament has visited the chief centres of trade in both hemispheres for the purpose of writing a series of articles on "British Trade Supremacy."

Mr. Spurgeon has a quick eye for subjects which move the multitude. As soon as the English Church Union had issued its manifesto, he engaged a Protestant champion, who is now thundering in the provincial Press, to the great joy of many readers. Mr. Frederic Villiers is to write for the Agency his reminiscences of "Twenty Years on the War-Path," Mr. Christie Murray is engaged upon some articles about the "Contemporary Stage," and a series entitled "Thrilling Tales of Travel," with such contributors as Lady Florence Dixie, Mrs. Henry Norman, Mr. Cutcliffe Hyne, Mr. Hume Nisbet, Mr. John Foster Fraser, and Mr. Alfred Kinnear, ought to spell popularity. In the fiction department (which you must not confuse with the travellers' thrilling tales) Mr. Spurgeon may claim to be one of the great serial-providers of his time. The passion for serials is one of the problems of psychology. I don't pretend to understand it, but I have no doubt that in gratifying it Mr. Spurgeon conducts into a harmless channel a great deal of excitable energy which might breed revolutionary projects if left without direction. The favourite length of a serial seems to be thirteen weeks, which shows that an unlucky number is one of the safeguards of the national temperament. Among his story-tellers Mr. Spurgeon counts Ouida, Miss Braddon, Thomas Hardy, W. Clark Russell, Max Pemberton, Justin McCarthy, Mrs. C. N. Williamson, Grant Allen, Silas Hocking, Conan Doyle, S. Baring-Gould, Barry Pain, W. E. Norris, Maxwell Gray, Ella Hepworth Dixon, Lady Violet Greville, and G. R. Sims.

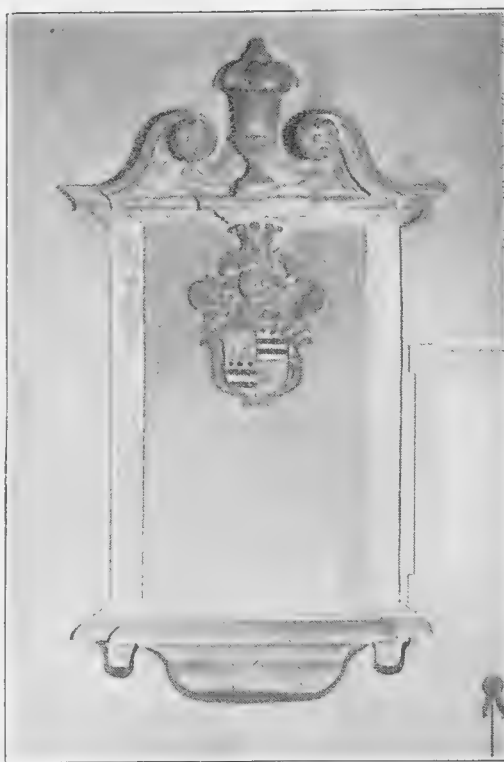
Since my time, the N.P.A. has quitted the grimy walls of 13, Whitefriars Street, and built itself a palace. As I wander through the spacious halls of Whitefriars House, in Carmelite Street, where the composers are cheered in their toil by symphonies from the Guildhall School of Music hard by, and the thirteen weeks' serials are stored on shelves overhanging a romantic turret stair, and as I reach the roof, which, no doubt, will be laid out by-and-by as a winter garden, I have a vision of Mr. Spurgeon in the future, with the developed resources of science in the hollow of his hand, communicating a new serial by wireless telegraphy to the grateful ends of the earth!

L. F. AUSTIN.

A CITY CHURCH THAT IS NO MORE.

As a church, Holy Trinity, in the Minories, has finished its mission. On the notice-board there still hang the tattered fragments of the bill announcing that on a certain Sunday, a few weeks back, the vicar, Rev. Samuel Kinns, Ph.D., would preach his final sermon in the building. The sermon has been preached, and the door is shut. What the future of the building is to be is undecided yet, but its past has been so historic that while a stone stands it must ever remain a shrine towards which many will turn their steps.

In a profusely illustrated volume, bearing the title "Six Hundred Years," Dr. Kinns has set forth the history of his late church in all its interesting ramifications. He begins from the days when an abbey was founded here in 1293, and then traces the story of the church down to our own times, amassing, in the process, a vast amount of material of great value to the student of the past. It could hardly be otherwise. Here is buried a member of that Lucy family with which Shakspeare is credited to have come into contact, and, after a long survey of that deer-stealing story, six reasons are given by Dr. Kinns for disbelieving it. Again, there is every reason to believe that in one of those pews beneath the old three-decker pulpit Sir Isaac Newton used to worship, and certainly there hangs in the vestry a unique old portrait of the great philosopher. Once more, on the tablet to the first Lord Dartmouth, as will be seen from the photograph, the Washington Arms are quartered, showing the stars which were fated to suggest the Star-Spangled Banner of the great



THE TABLET TO LORD DARTMOUTH.



IN MEMORY OF PRINCE CHARLIE.

Republic. This is the magnet which draws so many Americans to Holy Trinity Church, and there is a legend that one such protested with great vehemence that such a national emblem ought to be taken from the building and sent to the States. On more than one occasion a liberal monetary offer has been made for this germ of the Star-Spangled Banner, and, as it really exists on these walls in duplicate, there might be some excuse for any official who yielded to the temptation. Among the other mural memorials in the church is one connected with the Pelham family. It may be seen to the left of the pulpit in the photograph of the church interior, and the two figures in a kneeling attitude, facing each other, are most effectively treated. The famous buckle in the Pelham Arms is also conspicuous amid the ornamentation of the memorial.

On one of the flagstones outside the church the date "1745" may be seen rudely carved. Thereby hangs a tale of Scottish enthusiasm. Fifty years ago a Scotchman of the name of Murray was living in one of the small houses on the right of the church, and he had in his possession a treasure which must often have kept his heart warm towards the land of his birth. It was a box containing some bones and earth which he had dug up from the battlefield of Culloden. In 1849 the edict went forth that the vaults of the church were to be sealed up, and, ere that task was accomplished, he bribed one of the workmen to bury the precious box containing the remains and carve above it the rude figures which still mark its place of sepulture.



THE INTERIOR OF HOLY TRINITY CHURCH.



THE EXTERIOR OF HOLY TRINITY CHURCH.

From Photographs by H. C. Shelley.

THE WORLD OF SPORT.

RACING NOTES.

Captain Bewicke won a lot of money over the success of General Peace in the Lincoln Handicap. The horse was held quite harmless on the book by Bridegroom, but the last-named did not go to the post, and I



GENERAL PEACE (WHICH OUGHT TO HAVE BEEN THE CZAR'S FAVOURITE) WON THE LINCOLNSHIRE HANDICAP.

think he is a real good thing for the Jubilee—that is, if he should go to the post fit and well on the day. Captain Bewicke was formerly in the 10th Hussars, and was a brother officer of the Duke of Clarence. The Captain is a good shot, and is very fond of hunting and fishing. He used to ride a great deal in steeplechases, but now confines his attention to flat-races. He is a member of the Bachelors' Club, and is a master-hand at engineering starting-price coups. In Madden he employs one of the best jockeys in England.

The Stewards of the Jockey Club should insist that all lads leading horses in the paddock carry numbers to correspond with those on the card. Many accidents happen through ladies and gentlemen crowding round two-year-olds to try and find out their names. The ticket plan has worked well at Newmarket and many other meetings, and it should be made compulsory at all meetings. I am not surprised that many owners object to their horses wearing number-cloths that have been on the backs of other animals, but there can be no objection whatever to the badge on the boy's arm. Further, it saves the asking of a lot of questions, while it does not give the lads the chance of telling a lie, which they sometimes do, by-the-bye, when they do not want the public critics to know that the horse under their charge is looking fit and well.

The race for the Great Metropolitan will take place on April 18, and that for the City and Suburban on the following day. Mr. Dawkins is responsible for these handicaps this year, and he has certainly given us a couple of real puzzles. Soliman looks to have a chance for the long race, and St. Bris is said to be doing well at Kingsclere. I am afraid the field for the City and Suburban will not be up to the average. Tom Cringle is, I believe, a certain runner, and I believe Winsome Charteris is a genuine candidate. On the running of General Peace, I think David II. has a big chance, and that unlucky horse Foston is simply thrown in. If Uniform is the good horse he has been painted, he will have to be reckoned with, but I am afraid he is a very much overrated animal, and I am told that he cut up badly in a recent trial. It will be interesting to see how Dieudonné runs in this race after his exhibition in the Derby of last year.

Something will have to be done to have the races run to time, or, sooner or later, there will be a big railway disaster, when sport does not close until an hour after the advertised time, as the officials will be tempted to take liberties with the safe system now in vogue. I certainly do think the starting-gate ought to be used when the field numbers more than a dozen runners. If this wrinkle is not seized upon, we shall presently have racing by lantern-light. There appears to be more than the average number of rogues and bad-tempered horses in training at the present time, which, in my opinion, goes far to prove that the majority of our trainers have far too many horses under their charge, and the result is that many of the animals are knocked about by careless stable-lads.

Many years ago, in these columns, I suggested that the Jockey Club should buy the Alexandra Palace and Park and make it the headquarters of the Turf, leaving Newmarket as a training-ground. We could then

get Saturday racing at the Park each week throughout the flat season, and it would pay well, too. I am glad to see that Messrs. Pratt and Co. intend to make the place as perfect as possible, and, now that good horses are attracted to the meeting, it is sure to "boom." The Club has turned out a great success, but I do think the frequenters of Tattersall's Ring will, in the near future, require more space, and I expect the cheap rings will, sooner or later, have to be extended farther down the course. A capital view of the racing is got from the top of the Grand Stand.

On the Continent Holocaust is greatly fancied for the English Derby. The colt is doing good work at Chantilly, and he will, no doubt, trouble the best of ours. John Porter holds a strong hand in this race. The public fancy that Flying Fox is the best of his lot, but Frontier is a useful colt, and Royal Emblem, who belongs to Lord Alington, is by many considered to be the useful dark horse of the stable. Marsh will have something good running, but I am afraid Sandringham will not carry the royal colours in the race, as he has long been under suspicion. It can be taken for granted that the Derby will be something more than a one-horse race this year, and if the Frenchmen win it there will be lots of excitement.

With a flood of Sunday papers promised us, we shall, I suppose, get all the events that take place on the Saturday fully dealt with in the following morning's papers. Perhaps the stereotyped racing article that has hitherto appeared each Monday will now be printed on Sunday. I could never quite see the use of a vaticinator trying to find winners on Monday for all the future events, only to alter his selections on the morning of each race-day. Of course, years ago, when ante-post betting was all the rage, the plan worked fairly well; but now in all but the chief handicaps starting-prices only are offered and accepted, and it is just as well, as a matter of form, to wait till the day and make sure of a runner before you start out to prophesy. It is hard work to find runners before the day, and still harder to find winners.

Breeders would do well to read Professor Cossar Ewart's book, "The Pennywick Experiments" (published by A. and C. Black). He takes the scientific standpoint against the empirical position of the breeder who still pins his faith to the theory of "infection." On the question of racehorses he is particularly interesting, holding that our racers should be put to Barb or Arab mares. "Perhaps the best way to maintain the staying-power and constitution as well as the speed of the English racehorse," he says, "would be to have recourse now and again to Australia and New Zealand for sires and dams equal, if possible, in fleetness and size to our own thoroughbreds, but differing from them in having a recent dash of Arab blood in their veins." Professor Ewart's experiments with zebras are extremely interesting. CAPTAIN COE.



THE CAPTAIN OF THE BACK-YARD TEAM.

Photo by Cummings, Alloa.

THEATRE GOSSIP.

I am glad to learn that Miss Jessie Millward is succeeding in America. She was tied down at the Adelphi so much to melodrama that the younger generation of playgoers at least had come to associate her entirely with tearful heroines. But, under Mr. Charles Frohman's management, she has appeared in a big repertoire, including such a delightful comedy as "Lord and Lady Algy," which has made a great hit in New York.

Messrs. E. Lockwood and C. P. Levilly are starting their "revival" of the once most popular comic opera, "Falka," with a fortnight's engagement at the Brixton Theatre. I well remember seeing Fannie's adaptation of MM. Leterrier and Vanloo's book, and hearing Chassaigne's catchy music during the first run of "Falka," early in the 'eighties, at the Comedy. At that house, when Alexander Henderson was consul, and M. Van Biene (now actor-cellist) was the conductor, the strong original cast included Mr. Harry Paulton as Folball, the late Henry Ashley and Louis Kelleher as Tancered and Arthur, Mr. W. S. Penley as Lay Brother Pelican, another performer now dead, Miss Wadman, as Edwige, and Miss Violet Cameron in the title-rôle. In a revival at the Avenue some



OUR OLD FRIEND, MISS JESSIE MILLWARD, AS LADY ALGY IN NEW YORK.

time later, Mr. Hayden Coffin, I recollect, was the truculent yet tuneful Captain Boleslas, a part originally filled by stalwart Mr. W. Hamilton. "Falka" was one of the best comic operas of the period to which I am referring, and I don't see why its revival with a strong company should not bring grist to the mill of Messrs. Lockwood and Levilly, whose "Poupée" companies have done so well on tour.

The Associated Managers' Company, who have lately been touring Mr. George Dance's "The Gay Grisette," purpose forthwith to revive "Ma Mie Rosette," in which opera, it will be remembered, the late Eugène Oudin sang and acted so finely during its run at the Shaftesbury. Oudin's old part will, I believe, be sustained by that capital young baritone, Mr. Harrison Brockbank, who has latterly discarded Grand Opera for lighter musical work. Mr. Brockbank gave a "Bohemian Concert"

in the Grand Hall of the Hôtel Cecil on the night of St. Patrick's Day, and there, surrounded by cigar-smoke (pipes were forbidden), I listened to about a dozen or fifteen of the fifty-six "turns" provided all too liberally on the programme. For people who enjoy "Bohemian concerts," Mr. Brockbank's was, no doubt, a very good one of the kind,



THE BALL-ROOM SCENE IN "LORD AND LADY ALGY" IN NEW YORK, SHOWING ALGY AS THE DUKE OF MARLBOROUGH AND HIS JOCKEY AS THE YOUNG PRETENDER.

FROM PHOTOGRAPHS BY BYRON, NEW YORK.

and the gorgeous environments presumably increased the pleasure of the very large and extraordinarily diversified audience, wherein full evening-dress and picture-hats and sealskins were to be seen side by side.

Miss Belle Harper, who scored a success in Edna May's part in "The Belle of New York," was born in Chicago, is of Southern birth, and proud of her descent from the Carrolls, of Carrollton, the founder of the family being Charles, an Irishman, who went to America in 1688. A later Charles was celebrated as the last survivor of those who signed the Declaration of Independence; it was his daughter who married the famous General Harper, and it is to this branch of the family that "our latest Belle" belongs. All their women have been famed for beauty and great personal attractions, and their men for courage and bravery, and to-day one is well known in yachting circles, his *Navarhoe* being one of the speediest racers and cruisers, and John Lee Carroll is Ex-Governor of Maryland, while the Comtesse de Kergolay and the Baronne de Lagrange are prominent leaders of Society in Paris. Strange to say, the lovely Belle began life determined to be an organist, and also sang much in church, and there she was heard by Jessie Bartlett Davie, who at once begged her to adopt the operatic stage, and secured her a place in the famous Bostonian company. Then she joined the de Koven Opera Company, later on playing Cinderella for the David Henderson company, and then, after a season in "Gentleman Joe," she went to Mr. Daly to play stock parts in "the legitimate," after which, returning to music, she was the Taima in "Lilli Tse," Nami and Molly Seamore in "The Geisha," Dora Wemyss in "The Circus Girl," and then replaced Miss Adele Ritchie in the leading part in "A Runaway Girl," as well as playing in the Transatlantic production of "La Poupée." Miss Harper has high ambitions. Almost ever since she arrived she has been studying singing under the direction of Signor Randegger.



MISS BELLE HARPER, OF "THE BELLE OF NEW YORK" COMPANY.

"Caste" remains the best of Robertson's plays. What interested me specially in the revival, however, is the extraordinary advance in acting that Mr. Gilbert Hare has made. I have no hesitation in saying that he is as clever an actor for his age as I have seen for many years. Miss May Harvey is delightful as Polly.

It is stated that certain enterprising souls propose to erect in the East-Central district a new City of London Theatre. To whom they propose to play in these days, when an ever-increasing number of suburban houses are affecting the fortunes of even

than thirty years. There have been two City Theatres—the first was in Grub Street, and was converted from a chapel into a Temple of Thespis. Here John Bedford was the first manager, and Miss Fanny Clifton, known to a later generation as Mrs. Stirling, made her first appearance on any stage. Edmund Kean played Shylock within its walls as late as 1831, and other more or less celebrated actors trod its stage. In 1836

it disappeared to make room for offices and warehouses. The second City Theatre—or, to be precise, City of London Theatre—was in Norton Folgate. This house was built by Beazley, the architect of the Lyceum. Here the renowned Mrs. Honey was director in 1837, and here in 1846 Mr. and Mrs. Honner played Shakspeare and Dickens. Its most prosperous days were, however, under the management of Johnson and Nelson Lee, the successors to the historical Richardson in his well-known booth. Nelson Lee ceased to direct the house in 1865, and its entertainments fell to a very low level. In 1868 the North London Railway swallowed up its stage, and since then no theatre has been found necessary in the City proper.

In 1876, Mr. Walter Bentley made his first appearance at the Lyceum as Le Sieur de Noailles, the French Ambassador, in Tennyson's "Queen Mary." Walter Bentley was for two years a member of Miss Bateman's company. In writing of him a week or two ago, I referred to his lively paper, the *Saturday Night*, as being published in Melbourne. I should have said Brisbane.

Are we really to see an old-time "Masque" in London? At the moment, only the Lord Chamberlain and the London County Council stand between the City and an Elizabethan Masque, and they have not yet

said that they object. The Art Workers' Guild is the prime mover in this new scheme, for it has humbly begged and prayed the Court of Common Councillors to grant the ancient Guildhall for purposes of an Elizabethan Masque in the forthcoming June days. And, if it shall so please the honourable Court of the Common Council, the Masque will take the form of a pageant illustrative of the arts and crafts which Merrie England practises, and has so long practised, to excel her numerous competitors.

Alderman Ritchie was the medium between the Guild of the Art Workers and the Common Councillors, and these last formed or appointed a Committee to consider the suggestion. Now the Committee has spoken good words, asking all the members of the Council to give every facility required.

This request finds the Council in giving vein, and, subject to the consent of the Lord Chamberlain and the County Council being first obtained (if necessary), London will see a revival of the entertainment that delighted the liege subjects of Good Queen Bess.



MR. GILBERT HARE AS SAM GERRIDGE IN "CASTE," AT THE GLOBE.

Photo by Window and Grove, Baker Street, W.



SAM GERRIDGE WIPES THE GOWN OF POLLY (MISS MAY HARVEY).

Photo by Window and Grove, Baker Street, W.

popular West-End theatres, I know not. Possibly they imagine that there are sufficient caretakers resident in the City with theatrical tastes to form a paying public. This may or may not be the case, but, if so, this portion of the playgoing public has been uncatered for for more

THE MAN ON THE WHEEL.

When to light up: Wednesday, March 29, 7.26; Thursday, 7.27; Friday, 7.29; Saturday, 7.31; Sunday, 7.33; Monday, 7.35; Tuesday, 7.36.

The West Riding of Yorkshire County Council is an intelligent Council. It wants to have the best roads in the land. So it has decided to divide the West Riding into four districts, and to have four surveyors, each to have charge of an average of 280 miles of main road. Further, it has decided that these surveyors must be cyclists, and each man must examine his district on his own cycle. Could anything be better?

Why are not bicycle-stands more common? It is a great nuisance when out visiting to have to prop one's wheel against a bit of shrubbery, and sometimes it is not satisfactory to lean it against a wall, and there isn't always a convenient step to rest the pedal on. For half-a-crown or so a little stand could easily be made, like a piece of detached railing, with three or four openings, into which you could stick the hind-wheel, so that the machine would stand upright. In America there are such stands before every house. When I go out for a ride, and halt, maybe, at some wayside hostelry popular with cyclists, I don't much care for my "bike" to lean among a dozen other machines, and possibly get somebody's pedal wedged in my spokes. Landlords would be conferring a boon by putting stands outside their inns.

There is another suggestion I would make. Why can't provision be made to carry bicycles on tram-cars? Many ladies living in the suburbs of provincial towns would like to cycle in to shop, but don't do so because the distance both ways makes the riding too hard, or possibly the home journey is somewhat uphill. It would be quite easy to have hinged arms on the rear of tram-cars where a couple of bicycles could be swung. In America this is done in most towns, and much valued by cyclists who happen to be tired or, perhaps, caught in the rain. In these little conveniences we are shockingly behind our American cousins.

Referring to America, I see that Mr. Tapp, Democratic candidate for Mayor of Wichita, Kansas, says that, if elected, he will fine every female wearing bloomers. He believes in the skirt as a cycling-garment. Away on the other side of the world, however, the police of St. Petersburg have decreed that the skirt is dangerous not only to the lady cyclist, but to the public in general. So there is a law that no lady shall ride through the streets of the Russian capital except in the bifurcated garment. It therefore seems that in "the land of the free" ladies aren't to be half so free as those in the land of the Muscovite.

The Sheen House Club have fathered a bicycle specially suitable for bicycle-polo. As polo shows indications of becoming "the rage," it is well that a club like the Sheen should have given its attention to the construction of a special machine. Of course, the chief accidents to bicycles in polo are the breaking of spokes through being struck by the ball, the buckling of the front wheel, and the straining of the fore fork. In the case of the Sheen House bicycles, both wheels are fitted with jointless tandem rims, and the spokes are of extra thickness and butted at both ends. To prevent strain on the fore forks in collisions, the club have adopted patent fore-fork stays, which were originally invented to strengthen the forks in the case of heavy riders. Now that it's possible to get a really strong mount, bicycle-polo needn't be an expensive luxury. It isn't every man who cares to buy a new bicycle every two or three games.

When does sunset begin? The Bristol magistrates decreed that sunset for cyclists must be reckoned at Greenwich; but the High Court, in the case of *Gordon v. Cann*, have laid down that the term "sunset" in

Section 85 of the Local Government (England and Wales) Act, 1888, means sunset in the locality in which the cyclist may happen to be. So the Cyclists' Touring Club have issued (gratis) a pamphlet—which you should at once get—entitled "Laws and Bye-laws affecting Cyclists, together with Tables for Computing the Time of Sunset and Sunrise in any Part of Great Britain." Every cyclist is now his own astronomer.

I have heard of two or three cases of unscrupulous manufacturers who have stated that they have been unable to get the Christy saddle, and therefore could not fit it on machines. The Christy Saddle Company, however, have a large stock of saddles, from which they can deliver by return, so there is no excuse for any manufacturer not fitting them.

I hear that the man who hires out bicycles in Battersea Park during the summer months has paid the London County Council £160 for the privilege this year. As the season is a comparatively short one, this practically works out to about a pound a-day.

Cyclists will be very interested in the description of Battersea Park which opens Lieut.-Colonel Sexby's book, "The Municipal Parks, Gardens, and Open Spaces of London." Battersea Park, which extends to an area

of 198 acres, has a long history, going back to the Conquest. It was there that Colonel Blood tried to shoot Charles II., and that the Duke of Wellington fought the famous duel with Lord Winchelsea just seventy years ago.

The cycle is a most useful adjunct to the sketcher. For instance, Miss Florence Fraser, eldest daughter of General the Hon. Sir David Fraser (Lord Saltoun's uncle) goes on a sketching tour with her cycle. Miss Fraser, who has studied at Mr. Frank Calderon's studio and the Slade School, makes a speciality of horses.

A new occupation for ladies! A lady cyclist who brought an action the other day against the driver of a cart, and got £55 damages, because he caused a collision and damaged her, said that she earned £100 a-year by competing in bicycle races for ladies.

The Crystal Palace is sure to attract a big crowd of wheelmen on Easter Monday. There is to be a motor-cycle race, in which G. C. Wridgeway will compete against a French rider, with the view of establishing an hour's record. Then Chase and Palmer will ride a race, in which both motor and manual pacing will be utilised.

I don't want to run contrary to a man who argues things scientifically. Professor Archibald Sharp

has been dealing with back-peddalling scientifically, and his conclusions are startling. He says that, when a rider back-pedals a bicycle, he does not work, but, on the other hand, work is done on him, and that, in lieu of expending energy to arrest the descent of a bicycle downhill, the rider receives energy and stores it up for future use in his muscle-cells. Professor Sharp adds that, in his own case, he feels fresher after back-peddalling down the steep side of Harrow Hill than he did at the top. Well, different men, different experiences. I have back-pedalled down stretches of the Caucasus Mountains, the Sierra Nevada, and the Rockies, and I can recall getting very tired and having to dismount to rest. And I fancy that's the usual thing, though it may not be scientific.

Conducted bicycle tours, if the party is not too large, are as good a way as any to see the Continent. Messrs. Thomas Cook and Son are, this Eastertide, running some bicycle tours in France and elsewhere. I've no idea how many make up a party, but they should not be more than ten, while six is a better number. A month's touring on the Continent astride a bicycle and with a genial cicerone gives you a better idea of the people than six months of knocking round by train from big city to big city. I'm an enthusiastic advocate of these cycling tours, and I hope they'll catch on. Only, if you want enjoyment, keep the size of the party down.

J. F. F.



MISS FLORENCE FRASER, WHO GOES ON SKETCHING TOURS.

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CITY NOTES.

The Next Settlement begins on April 11.

MARKET NOTES.

Nineteen-day Accounts are never satisfactory, and the one now coming to an end has proved no exception to the rule. The very first sign of dear money seems to have dried up all spirit of speculation, and there will be no all-night working of Stock Exchange clerks to get balances out this time. It is probable that after Easter money may get easier again, or, at least, that all fear of a squeeze will be at an end, in which case we should not be

surprised to see a fresh outburst of speculative activity. To argue, as some people do, that because prices are so high in every department there is no room to buy for a rise, is childish, for high prices never yet stopped speculation in Capel Court.

This week our portrait is of Mr. C. E. Rose, who since the foundation of the *Daily Mail* has controlled its financial columns with both marked ability and great integrity. Nothing has more contributed to the rapid and unique position which the Harmsworth paper has attained than the ability with which its City columns have been conducted,



MR. C. E. ROSE.

Photo by Passingham, Brighton.

and Mr. Rose must be indeed a proud man when he reflects that in something less than three years he has made the notes column of a halfpenny paper a factor more potent in the regulation of prices than the whole of many older and more pretentious rivals.

A promoter of no mean eminence told us the other day that, in the case of his last promotion, the applications upon forms cut from the *Daily Mail* and *Westminster Gazette* exceeded in number those of all the other papers put together, which is eloquent testimony of the power of both Mr. C. E. Rose and Mr. Charles Duguid.

There was considerable excitement over Pattison's Preference shares during the week, and somebody managed to make a decent sum over the yarn that the reconstruction had broken down. When the smash came, we urged upon our readers to realise at any price, and at that time they could have got about £4 each for their shares, which the other day were below £1. Reconstruction or no reconstruction, we do not look upon the future as by any means hopeful, and, in our opinion, holders should still sell on every opportunity.

HOME RAILS.

Out of the list of the twenty principal railway companies in Great Britain, only one line had to be debited last week with a traffic decrease, and that line makes the solitary exception to the fact that all the large companies show an increase to date since the beginning of the half-year. Taking the figures last Wednesday, March 22, these were the increases recorded up to that date by the big railways—

Brighton	£18,587	Great Eastern	£48,671
South-Eastern and Chatham	30,931	North-Eastern	95,667
Midland	98,057	North-Western	63,038
Great Northern	47,333	Great Western	83,440

Districts furnish the one outsider, having a decrease of nearly £3000 to date, which the "Boat-Race traffic" should help to reduce considerably. The General Manager certainly did his best to induce the British public to travel by his line on that day, although he was heavily handicapped by the weather. The Metropolitan Railway managed to keep up its increase to date, which now amounts to £1244, and the Great Central is £39,030 to the good over last year's figures. Midlands during the week were affected by the fear of Great Central competition now the latter has got to the Metropolis, but this is a fear which can be lightly dismissed, for the great goods line is quite capable of looking after itself, and, if its traffic began to suffer, steps would be taken at once to stop the leakage. The traffics, it must be remembered, go against those of a stormy time for railways last year, when labour troubles were agitating the trade of the country, but surely we are entitled to draw some little satisfaction from the altered state of affairs which now prevails, for the time being, between Capital and Labour.

North British Preferred and Deferred both fell a quarter per cent. after the stormy meeting at Edinburgh last Thursday. The matters in dispute have been so thoroughly threshed out in the newspapers that it is not necessary to refer to them at length, the main division on the Board having been caused by complaints as to the insufficiency of meetings and

the holding by the Chairman, Lord Tweeddale, of seats upon the directorate of more than a dozen other companies. Internecine strife upon the Board of any company is always damaging to the shareholders' property; otherwise, we should consider that its merits would justify a rise in British Deferred. Now that Mr. Grierson has got his own way, and both Lord Tweeddale and Sir Charles Tennant have resigned, the company's affairs may wear a brighter aspect under a new Chairman and Vice-Chairman, but it seems a leap in the dark to break up the Board of a railway in this wholesale fashion. The Market thinks that the end will justify the means. A strong tip has been in circulation to buy Great Northern Deferred, but the price seems fairly high at present. North-Eastern Consols have amply come up to our expectations, and for another investment we look favourably upon Metropolitan Consolidated at 127.

SOME SOUTH AMERICAN RAILWAYS.

The event of the week in the Foreign Railway department has been the rise in the price of Central Argentine Ordinary Stock to par, a figure which it has not seen for nearly a decade. The cause of the advance was, of course, the very satisfactory dividend announcement. To pay 2½ per cent. against the 1 per cent. of a year ago shows that the line possesses a remarkable power of recuperation, and the distribution brings up the dividend for the year to 4½ per cent. The effect of this excellent showing was to cause a general hardening of the market, and once more we may point out the speculative cheapness of East Argentine Four per Cent. Debenture stock. The present price is 83, and the company pays a good dividend on its Ordinary stock.

Another satisfactory dividend declaration was that of the Buenos Ayres Western, made a week ago. Here the proprietors receive five shillings a-share, as compared with the three-and-sixpence paid this time last year. The rate on Buenos Ayres and Rosario, however, has been reduced to 2½ per cent. on the Ordinary, which shows a falling-off of a half per cent. The market appears to have shaken off to a large extent the nervousness which it used to display over every fluctuation of a point in the gold premium, but the steady decline in the latter during the past year has naturally contributed in no small degree to the increased railway revenue. Other points in favour of Argentine Railroad stocks are the pacification of the country, and that the locusts have forborne to plague the farmers to any great extent. So long as the political atmosphere keeps calm, the course of this market will be upward, and we see nothing in the present state of things to retard the advance which has been slowly gathering force for some time past.

THE RISE IN RHODESIANS.

The Kaffir boom fell flat, Westralians were wearily wasting, so the professionals in the Rhodesian Market thought the time had come for whacking their donkey. Their efforts were most opportunely crowned by the visit of Mr. Rhodes to the Kaiser, and the latter, it was chaffingly said, had become a heavy "bull" of the Rhodesian specialities, following the illustrious example of his bosom friend the Sultan in the Kaffir boom of 1894-5. The rise since the beginning of the present year has made very fair progress, as will be seen by the annexed table—

Company.	Share Capital.	Jan. 3.	March 25.	Rise.
Bonsor	£220,000	1 1/8	2 5/8	1 7/8
Chartered	4,375,000	3 1/8	3 1/8	0
Dunraven	180,000	1 1/8	1 3/8	1/8
Exp., Land, and Min.	325,155	1	1 1/8	1/8
Geelong	200,000	3	4 1/8	1 1/8
Mash. Agency	200,000	1 1/8	3	1 1/8
Mat. Gold Reefs	500,000	7 1/8	4 1/8	7 1/8
Rhodesia Expl.	96,768	5 1/8	6 5/8	5/8
West Nicholson	210,000	2 5/8	5 1/2	2 5/8

With regard to Matabele Gold Reefs, it must be borne in mind that the shareholders will receive three new shares in the reconstructed company for every one which they held in the old. The capitals in every case represent the amount issued, and several of the above companies have power to make further emissions. The authorised share capital of the Chartered Company, for example, is five millions sterling, of which £625,000 remains to be issued later on.

It must, however, be somewhat disappointing to enthusiastic believers in the gold-producing powers of the colony when they see how slight is the public support meted out to their ventures by the investing public. The spurt in March has been almost entirely run by the inside ring. In the Stock Exchange itself the Rhodesian Department is regarded with something almost akin to amusement by the rest of the Mining Markets, since the business which is done there is usually of so trifling a character that an order in five hundred Geelongs or Rhodesia Exploration would be treated with the utmost caution. Chartered shares, of course, are a market unto themselves, and are subject to a much greater variety of influences than others which find their home in the Rhodesian Market; hence they have to be treated quite separately.

Upon the question as to whether the rise will continue it is difficult to form an opinion. Possessing one of the most optimistic markets in the Stock Exchange, dealings in Rhodesians are, as we have said, almost entirely confined to the "shop" element. Mr. Rhodes' visit to the Kaiser is a very slender prop against which the "bulls" can lean with profit, because, even if the Colossus should get his own way in every detail, it would be years before any direct benefit were felt by the Mashonaland and Matabeleland mines. On the whole, we think the holders of Rhodesians who sell now will probably be able to repurchase lower down in a few months' time.

ECHOES FROM THE HOUSE.

The Stock Exchange.

Her Majesty's Government has been buying Consols, whether for the sinking-fund or as a hedge against some of its "bear" commitments in other parts of the world is not definitely known. Anyway, when the Government broker showed his face at the Chapel Court door there was a sudden upward movement in the Funds, and those men who had sold short hastened to get in. "A Daniell come to judgment!" was their involuntary cry, and our Daniell has very little pity for the "bears" of Goschens. In spite of the comparative dearth of money, in spite of political complications, Consols rose in stately fashion to over 111, and the tone for investment stocks improved all round. Even the American Market plucked up a little heart of grace, although British business in Yankees has been reduced almost to the minimum. In fact, what with the Boat-Race and the Grand National, to say nothing of the Lincolnshire Handicap, the House generally has had other things to think about of considerably higher importance than mere business. "Jagers or the Boat-Race!" shouted Sir Patteson Nickalls, intimating that he was as willing to deal in one as in the other. Another man in the Kaffir Market was so badgered by his friends for the "straight tip," on the strength of his rowing reputation, that his patience gave way altogether on Friday night. "Oh, hang the Boat-Race!" he angrily exclaimed, in answer to the usual request; "Why on earth don't some of you go and back Oxford for a place!" Mr. Bulteel's win at the Grand National was hailed with immense delight by his fellow-members in the House, and once again Mr. Fenner has acted as judge in the Boat-Race contest, for, I believe, the ninth year in succession.

The American Market has been idling away its time, with occasional bursts of professional energy. The shares of the Coalier lines are still among the leading favourites. Ontario, Eries, and Readings have been the principal speculative media during the week, "combine" rumours having once more been started from Wall Street. With its present mania for amalgamating everything under the sun, from coffins to champagne, the American public may be induced to look kindly upon a Coalier scheme, and, for a while, prices will probably be maintained. As a gamble, Little Eries are worth buying, and the market tip of the moment is Denver Preference. Canadas weakened upon the announcement of further rate-cutting, but are now convalescent, although the dealers profess to be anxious about other rocks ahead. Something like happiness broke over the Grand Trunk Market on Friday last, when an unexpected traffic increase of £5249 swelled the twelve weeks' increase to nearly £56,000. In the Foreign Railway Market they are talking Mexican Firsts to 150, and although the price is now 8 points above the highest touched in 1898, there certainly seems a chance of its going to par. But the Second Preference is a point below last year's record, and at 39 it looks a better speculation than Firsts, although it gets no dividend, and isn't likely to do so for a year or two.

Have you heard of our coming History? It is not to be called the "Descent of the Stock Exchange," as one ribald scoffer suggested, but is to be a complete and truthful record of the House from its earliest ages. I understand that the actual historical portion will not be written by a member of the House: it has to be truthful, you see. There are, however, to be House biographies and photographs, pictures by Phil May and Joseph Pennell, while the cost of the ordinary edition is to be two or three guineas. I have an idea that the authorities of the Stock Exchange were approached by the publishers, but were so churlish in their refusals to permit inspection of documents and so forth that the printers independently told the Managers that they could very well manage by themselves, so the work will be guiltless of any official bias. The book will cover the period from the time when the foundation-stone of the House—it can be seen to this day in the strong-room vaults—was laid in 1801, up to 1900, so that the History of the Stock Exchange will embrace practically the century. With regard to the Managers, I know quite well that at least one of them did not accept the invitation just alluded to, because I met him the other day in the Bank Market, deploring the "beastly habit of cigarette-smoking in the House," and urging his friend to agitate for a rule against lighting anything but a cigar. "Ah, sir!" he exclaimed in plaintive accents, "it is a terrible grief to me, but think of this: I gave my son £500 not to smoke till he was twenty-one, and now he is twenty-three, and he smokes like a chimney!"

The gamble in Pattisons proceeds apace, and, while they are making shilling prices in the North, the Miscellaneous Market quotes them down here with a margin of ten shillings. It is likely enough that the price will be violently agitated so long as the share-register remains open—that is to say, up to April 15, and I have good reasons for advising anyone who holds shares to take advantage of any upward spurt, and to clear out. A reconstruction scheme would carry the company on a little while longer, but its success would be very doubtful, and those people who are comparing the business with that of Allsopps fail to grasp the position altogether. I do not for a moment counsel "bear" operations, because the capital is small, and, if certification of transfers were refused for any reason, the sellers might find themselves at the mercy of the "bulls." But to holders I would say emphatically, Sell. Passing from whisky to oil, there are good accounts to hand of the Schibaieff Company, whose Preference shares are a good investment, and whose Ordinary are likely to gradually improve.

By the sudden death of Mr. Samuel Underhill, the Stock Exchange has lost a distinguished member, and the Committee one of its oldest servants. The members of the deceased gentleman's firm, Messrs. Underhill and Le Mare, have received the sincere condolences of the large number of Housemen who were personally acquainted with Mr. Samuel Underhill, and the silent sympathy of many to whom he was known only as one of the "Fathers of the Committee."

THE HOUSE HAUNTER.

WARINGS AND GILLOW, LIMITED.

The shareholders in this company must have been pleased not only with the balance-sheet, but also with the prospects of business in the coming year which were foreshadowed in the chairman's speech at the meeting held on the 17th inst. To hear that, upon the date the accounts were made up, the company had work in hand equal to 50 per cent. of the whole of the orders executed in 1898, is a pleasant thing, and it is rendered even more satisfactory by the addition of the fact that the profit upon such work is more than enough to pay the debenture and preference interest for the current twelve months.

The Carlton Hotel is being furnished and decorated by the company, but, from a shareholder's point of view, we think it is much more satisfactory to hear that the bulk of the work in hand is of a private nature, for, while we recognise that hotel and club furnishing is a magnificent advertisement, the profit from such gigantic undertakings must, to a large extent, be anticipated from the private work that is obtained as the result of successful and pleasing public decorating and furnishing. The selection of this company to complete the comfort of the

new royal yacht is an eloquent testimony of the standing and importance to which progressive and energetic management has brought it.

A WARNING.

Some touts, under the cognomen of The Assets Development Company, Limited, of 53, New Broad Street, are sending out broadcast a type-written document by which they are trying to trade off certain railway shares and debentures. The railway is supposed to have a capital of £1,250,000, and the estimated income is £660,000, or sufficient to pay, as the touts say, 50 per cent. upon the capital. Various statements are made which might induce foolish persons to inquire further into the matter, and the cautious investor is assured that only the first one thousand shares are to be sold at par, after which a substantial premium will be charged. The precious circular is signed by one, E. H. Browey, and we earnestly advise our readers to have nothing to do with the Assets Development Company or its precious Railway shares. A certain number of "flats" will, of course, be caught by the specious methods employed; but the people who fall into the trap are of the sort that would waste their money on any foolish proposal that came along, or lend it to the first scoundrel who offered a high rate of interest for the accommodation, so that perhaps, after all, the Assets Development Company might as well have their savings as any other bucket-shop or equally undeserving harpy!

ISSUES.

The Holton Consolidated Company, Limited, with a capital of £250,000, divided into 250,000 shares of £1 each, is offering through the Rhodesia Agency, Limited, 75,000 shares for subscription. The company is formed to take over all the assets of the Holton Land and Mining Company, the Mount Darwin Syndicate, and the Mount Cornwall Gold Reefs and Estates Company. The property to be acquired consists of 1250 gold-claims, 145 stands, and 358,000 acres of farm-land. The gold-claims are in the Salisbury district of Rhodesia, and the bulk of the stands are in the town of that name. When the Beira and Mashonaland Railways are completed, it is expected that the cost of transport will be greatly reduced and the value of the company's farm-lands increased. No reports are given as to the development of the gold-claims, although this is stated in many cases to be considerable. The company comes from one of the best of the Rhodesian groups, but, we confess, a good bit has to be taken on trust, so far as the prospectus is concerned.

The Warwick Estate Company, Limited, is formed to take over the life interests of Lord and Lady Warwick in various estates, or, shall we say, to run that amiable peer and his beautiful wife on the limited liability principle? An issue of £210,000 4 per cent. debentures at par is offered to the public, the proceeds of which will be applied to paying off and consolidating into one charge the present encumbrances on the property of the noble pair. According to the prospectus, the purchase price is to be £295,000, of which £215,000 is payable in cash; but how this sum is to be raised by the issue of £210,000 debentures at par we do not see, nor is the mystery explained in the prospectus. According to the report of Mr. John Cross, the net revenue from the estates and profit from the collieries amounts to £22,077 a-year, while the debenture interest and insurance premiums require £16,150, so that there appears to be a margin of nearly £6000 a-year; but this is arrived at by including what is called a moderate sum for the rental of Warwick Castle and allowing for certain unlet properties. The debentures may be well secured, but inasmuch as the property in mortgage cannot be sold if the interest is in arrear (which might easily happen), we do not consider them a desirable investment.

Saturday, March 25, 1899.

ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS.

All letters on financial subjects only to be addressed to the "City Editor, The Sketch Office, Granville House, Arundel Street, Strand."

Our Correspondence Rules are published on the first Wednesday in each month.

A CONSTANT READER.—If you had read the note at the head of this column you would not have written to us. We ought to have put your letter in the waste-paper basket; but have handed it over to the Editor instead.

TOBY.—Nobody here knows anything about the company, which is purely South African. Our Johannesburg correspondent might be able to furnish information. We will, if you like, send you his name and address, and, if you like to send him a fee of five shillings, he will, no doubt, write you what he can find out on the spot as to the concern.

LOAN.—Pure waste-paper.

CLAPHAM.—No shareholder has a right to inspect the bank-book. If the directors refuse to tell you what you want to know, the only remedy you have is to induce your fellow-shareholders to turn them out.

ABEL.—(1) We sent you the broker's name and address on the 23rd inst. (2) Our advice is to hold for the present. (3) You ought to have sold before allotment, but as you confess you were a mere "stag," we have little sympathy with the position you now find yourself in.

FOLLOWER.—There has been a good bit of buying of Hardebeck and Bornhardt lately, but we advise you to hold for the present. The report will be very good when the year's trading comes to be added up.

SWITZERLAND.—Buy a few Hardebeck Ordinary below par, and a few Chadburn's Pref. at about 22s.

R. A.—You will find great difficulty in getting members of the Stock Exchange to let you reproduce their portraits. We have given up trying in these columns, as to give us a photograph is supposed to be advertising. If you look in Kelly's London Directory you will find a complete list of members. We refrain from naming anyone in these columns as suitable, because of the objections which have been raised.

FLEET STREET.—The shares are not a bad investment, but you must remember they are merely represented by the goodwill of a lot of papers, and not by assets realisable if the fashion in reading-matter changes or the volume of advertisements lessens.

SANDY.—Our advice was to sell at once when the shares were at £4, just after the smash, and is the same now.

We are asked to state that the Kodak Company has declared a dividend of 2½ per cent. for the quarter ending March 31.

Messrs. Price, Waterhouse, and Co. have removed from 44, Gresham Street, E.C., to 3, Frederick Place, Old Jewry, E.C.